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THE RUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES: THE CZAR WATCHING THE ELECTRIC SEARCHING LIGHT AND ROCKET SIGNALLING AT KRASNOE-SELO.  
FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT B. BADEN-POWELL.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

About forty years ago, when the plastic decoration of the new Houses of Parliament was under consideration, one of the most vexed questions of the day was to determine whether Oliver Cromwell, sometime Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, should have a statue in his proper sequence among the Kings and Queens of this fair realm. The verdict went eventually against "Old Noll," and he was denied an effigy, the majority of the Parliamentary jury holding, apparently, that he was only the brave bad man pilloried by Clarendon, and not, as others ventured to think, the Greatest Prince that ever ruled in England.

One is reminded of the controversy about Cromwell's statue by the question which Mr. Cavendish Bentinck is to put to the First Commissioner of Works in the Commons on Monday, Sept. 27, on the subject of Grinling Gibbons's statue of King James II., which, in the opinion of the right honourable member for Penryn and Falmouth, is "hidden away" behind the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. Mr. Bentinck wishes to have the statue removed from Whitehall-gardens, and placed *en evidence* on a suitable pedestal at the northern opening of the new Whitehall-avenue, over against the Horse Guards. The statue is really a beautiful work of art, and, as a study of the human form, is probably the masterpiece of the gifted Dutchman—if he was a Dutchman—whose carvings in wood are among the brightest examples of seventeenth-century art. It is only unfortunate that the statue which Mr. Cavendish Bentinck proposes to set up in Whitehall-avenue should be that of James II. He was, as the old comic song has it, "such a very nasty old man."

Of the starting of new clubs there is seemingly no end, and the latest edition to the many mansions of Clubland is the "Junior Travellers," for the proper installation of which a *locale* has been found in Piccadilly, next to the Military and Naval Club, which, it is announced, will be ready for the reception of members about the middle of October. Eventually, the site of Nos. 96 and 97, Piccadilly, will be cleared for the erection of a permanent club-house, with a frontage of 60 ft.

Glancing at the names of the noblemen and gentlemen of the provisional committee—which is a very strong one, and is headed by the Duke of Portland—it is not without a slight chuckle that I note the name of Captain Sir Richard Burton. He is such a very junior traveller! Among the qualifications for membership of the Travellers' Club, in Pall-mall, is, I believe, that the candidate should have travelled a certain number of hundreds of miles in one direction from London. How many scores of thousands of miles has Captain Sir Richard Burton travelled? But it is never too late to mend, and never too late to be a junior traveller. The club should prove a brilliant success; and I rejoice to learn that it is to be distinctly non-political. Who has any politics now-a-days?

In *ré* the recollections of "Napoleon and St. Helena," "W. S. S. K." (Bargrennan, N.B.) tells me that this enchanting book was written by Mrs. Abdy, not Abel, *née* Balcombe. But my correspondent is in a slight fog touching the status of Mr. Balcombe père. "I am not sure," he writes, "whether he was the Chaplain of the Forces." Mr. Balcombe was a merchant at St. Helena, and he took the contract for supplying Napoleon and his household with provisions.

"G. G." (Chichester), whose handwriting has been agony to try to read, asks "whether it is a common or only a local superstition to keep the front door of a house open after a funeral, and keep the door on the jar until the return of the mourners?" The superstition would seem to be common and not local. It is widely spread among the working classes in the metropolis; and is formulated in the popular saying, "Never shut the door on a corpse."

Is there not another superstition to the effect that, just at the moment of a person's death, a door or window should be opened to give egress to the disembodied spirit? Compare Shakspeare—"King John," act. v., scene 7. The King is brought forth to die in the open air, and exclaims—

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

Mem.: It will be remembered that in the "Echoes" of Sept. 11 I respectfully declined to say whether "looking out of window" or "looking out at window" was correct. I still abstain from taking such a liberty; but I note that in Gen. xxvi., 8, Abimelech, King of the Philistines, looked out "at a window"; that in Judges v., 28, the mother of Sisera "looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice"; that in 11. Samuel vi., 16, Michal, Saul's daughter, "looked through a window"; that in Proverbs vii., 6, the wise man "looked through a casement"; and that in 11. Kings ix., 30, proud Jezebel painted her face and tired her head, and "looked out at a window."

Mem. II.: I quote from the Authorised Version (Bagster's Miniature Quarto); but, on comparing the quotations with the references in "Cruden's Concordance," I find against Judges v., 28, "Mother of Sisera looked out of window." Is this a slip on the part of the usually marvellously accurate Alexander the Corrector—did he not correct the proofs of Junius!—or was he here quoting from some version other than the Authorised one?

The esteemed "W. T." writes to me from the Howard Association, 5, Bishopsgate Without, with reference to a question which I asked touching the "joviality of association" of culpable debtors in English jails:—

In our local jails (borough and courts), the ordinary prisoners are kept in cellular separation—or are supposed to be—and, indeed, are so, with some considerable exception. But the debtors are allowed still to associate; and this affords them opportunities of "jovial" intercourse, which many of them like. How do I know this? Because I have seen a little of it; and mainly from what Prison Governors have told me. For example, at a certain Lancashire prison visited by me, several years ago, the Governor said they had a debtor committed for non-payment of a few shillings. But, on searching his pocket, they found more than four times the amount of his debt therein.

I have underscored "several years ago" designedly. Surely, the esteemed "W. T." must be aware that under Sir Richard Cross's Prison Act, local and borough jails were merged in "her Majesty's prisons"; and as surely he must know that of all the prisons in the world, those in England are governed with the greatest severity.

Mem.: Does "W. T." consider that most awful infliction, separate confinement, a suitable punishment for a poor wretch of a County Court debtor? Why not flog him, or put him on the rack, or give him a turn or two of the thumb-screw?

It is not often that in the useful, but somewhat solemn, reports of the Howard Association a capital joke turns up. I found a real "screamer" in the last batch of printed papers politely sent me by the H. A. At an international conference on prison discipline, one of the speakers (an American gentleman) incidentally mentioned that in a certain State a Judge, in sentencing a prisoner to fifteen years' incarceration, remarked, "I give you one year for forgery, and *fourteen years for general cussedness*."

"General cussedness!" What a gloriously comprehensive term. Who among us have not known men, women, and children afflicted with "general cussedness"? I am afraid that, were I to resort very earnestly to the wholesome practice of self-examination, I should have to confess that there is by no means a feeble element of general "cussedness" in the compiler of the "Echoes."

"L. W." tells me, when he was a boy, fifty years ago, the "Rule of the Road" jingle was quoted thus—

The rule of the road is a paradox quite;  
For as you are travelling along,  
If you keep to the left you are sure to go right,  
If you keep to the right you'll go wrong.

But another correspondent, "J. D.," gives—

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,  
To explain it will not take me long:  
If you go to the left you'll sure to go right,  
If you go to the right you go wrong.

Whereas "C. B." gives the second line, "For when riding or driving along"; and another, "P. H.," "For as you are travelling along." "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety."

But who wrote the above jingle? Assuredly, I shall find out ere long. "Tôt ou tard tout se sait." For example, "W. S. H." (Walthamstow) tells me that Cobbett wrote the lines, "It hath not been a thing uncommon to steal a goose," &c.; and another friendly correspondent informs me that it was Sir John Pratt who laid down the law in the case of "the woman having a settlement" who "married a man with none."

Many applications have reached me seeking information touching Adam Lindsay Gordon, his personality and his poetry, and, in particular, inquiring where his works can be obtained. My copy was given to me by the obliging Mr. Fitz-Gibbon, the Town Clerk of Melbourne, and purports to be published in that marvellous city by A. H. Massina and Co., Little Collins-street, East. The London publisher is Mr. Samuel Mullen, of Paternoster-row. I am delighted that so many of my correspondents should be as enthusiastic as I am in their appreciation of Gordon; for I am no poet and no judge of poetry.

"Can you give me," asks "E. H. B." (Gosport), "any information *re* the clothing and accoutrements of the Royal Marines since their formation?" I would that I could. I have at home Colonel Luard's valuable history of the costume of the British Army; but I am afraid that it says nothing about the Marines. I hope that I am wrong in this respect; but I will ascertain the fact when I return to town.

Meanwhile, if my correspondent have access to the Print Room of the British Museum, he should be able to find there a large number of engravings after pictures of naval engagements during our last great wars with the French by such painters as Copley, De Loutherbourg, Westall, &c. At Trafalgar, if I remember aright, the head-dress of the Marines was an ordinary stove-pipe hat, with a slightly turned-up brim, laced to the crown, and very much resembling the livery hat of a modern "boy in buttons."

Scarcely for the ten thousandth time, but perhaps the twentieth, I have to state that there is not a tittle of trustworthy evidence in support of the assertion that the colloquial expression "setting the Thames on fire" is derived from "setting the tems (or temse) on fire," i.e., igniting, by friction, grain violently agitated in a "tems" or sieve. Over and over again have I added that "setting the Thames on fire" occurs in an inflated poem written by a Lord Thurlow in 1814 *à propos* of the illuminations in London consequent on the visit of the Allied Sovereigns, and that the absurdity of the expression seems at once to have made it popular.

Mem.: In Dublin they say of a simpleton that he will never set the Liffey on fire. At Calcutta the venue of the improbable conflagration is changed to the Hooghly.

Fish shagreen: If the gentleman with the wounded shagreen watch-case will take the invalid to 66-67, Baker-street, it will be made whole.

"F. T. H." (Dinwiddie County, Virginia, U.S.A.), writes:—

Is there a better chance for a young man with a small capital (say £1000 or so) in the Colonies or in the United States? There are a great many young men in England who have not been brought up to any profession, and who have just this capital. For such cases everyone advises emigration, but the question is, where? Shall it be the Colonies or the States?

If the gentleman be already settled in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, why should he ask me for information touching emigration to the United States? But as this page may be read by many British young men with a small capital, who are desirous of emigrating, I will tender them my humble advice on the subject.

British young men, betake yourselves by a sailing-vessel round the Cape or the Horn to Australia or to New Zealand.

I recommend a sailing-vessel, because, during the long sea voyage, you will be able to read "The Australian Handbook," published by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch. Therein you will find some thousands of facts and not one fiction.

Directly you arrive, say, at Sydney, or Melbourne, or Auckland, "shove" your capital, whatever it may be—keeping only a few pounds for present needs—into a bank on deposit—say, the Bank of New South Wales, the Commercial Bank of Australia, or the Bank of New Zealand—and there let your money lie and fructify for at least a year. Try to forget the existence of your capital; save perhaps on Sundays after church, when, with a chastened joy, you may remember that your deposit is earning interest at the rate of four per cent per annum.

Avoid the large cities as you would avoid mad dogs, machine-made trousers, and shilling dreadfuls. Go up country, go into the bush; seek for work; you will very soon find it. If you be a handy man you will get employment at once, from some squatter or farmer; never mind what the work is: it is not dishonourable to look after stock, or to mend the squatter's posts and rails, or to dig in the farmer's fields, or to shear sheep, or drive waggons, or shoe and groom horses, or slaughter cattle, or cook rations, or drive "mobs" of sheep from one colony to another. At the end of twelve months you will find that you are in possession of a most valuable commodity, called Colonial Experience. Then go back to Sydney or Melbourne, to Auckland, or Christchurch, or Dunedin, draw your capital out of the bank, if you like, and start in some line of business. That's the way the money comes in the Colonies.

The *Saturday Review* is sore because I ventured to suggest that very few English people, fewer Americans, and scarcely any Australians would understand that by "anthropomorphists and bean-sacks" were meant persons who several years ago mistook bean-sacks in elevated positions on the banks of the Danube for impaled Christians. The dear old *Saturday* goes on to say that I left my manners as well as my Greek somewhere on my way to the Antipodes, and forgot to call for them on my way back. How gracefully humorous! But the *Saturday* is becoming quite a comic paper. "Well said, old mole."

If I left my manners at Frisco, and my Greek at Honolulu, I did not leave my memory at Mudgee. I brought it back with me quite green; and when I read about the "anthropomorphist of bean-sacks," I rolled the preposterous expression as though it had been a sweet morsel under my tongue, remembering that the *Saturday Reviewers* of the last generation were wont, about once a fortnight, to abuse me savagely for using long-tailed words of Greek or Latin derivation when bob-tailed words of Saxon origin would have explained my meaning—if I had a meaning—better. I am a very vindictive person; and the remembrance of wrongs suffered twenty years ago making me feel vicious, I "went" for the *Saturday*. "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

Mem.: "M. A." (Finchley) tells me that the Philological Society's new dictionary gives the following as the meaning of the word "anthropomorphist"—one who attributes a human personality to God, abstract ideas, other animals, etc. I suppose that bean-sacks must be included among the "other animals" or the etceteras.

Time has, indeed, strange revenges. Here is the secretary of the Temple Bar Reconstruction Committee writing to the Distressed Compiler to ask him to become a member of the committee in question, whose object is to set up Temple Bar again "on a site worthy of its old associations."

A site worthy of its old associations! Set it up in front of Butchers' Hall, or in a knacker's yard, or at the Islington cattle-market, or anywhere suggestive of hacking and hewing people to pieces, and spilling their blood, and sticking their heads on spikes. There is nothing venerable, nothing picturesque, nothing honourable among the memories of Temple Bar. It recalls only rebellion and civil war, and the shameful death and barbarous mutilation of the bodies of gallant gentlemen.

I had a hand for many years in hammering away at the grimy blood-and-mud-stained old structure which stopped the way between the Strand and Fleet-street; and during the last year of its capricious existence I wrote once a month, in a daily paper, a leading article against Temple Bar. When, at last, the shameful old gate was demolished to make way for the dreadful architectural abortion which is surmounted by the bronze effigy of a hideous monster which pretends to be a Griffin—but which in reality is a Dragon—the City authorities sent me, in bitter, ironical courtesy, a medal made from the lead which had covered the roof of Temple Bar, and bearing on its obverse an effigy of the hateful porch. I presented the medal to a lady at Baltimore, Maryland.

Mem.: Much flummery has been written about the originality of the design of Temple Bar. It is the reverse of original. Sir Christopher copied it either from the façade of a church in Rome or from a gate in one of the courtyards of the palace of Fontainebleau. The great architect never visited, as you know, the Eternal City; but the Roman church from which he probably borrowed the idea of Temple Bar is figured in more than one architectural book of the seventeenth century.

Obviously, not all my readers are aware that enough help has been given me for the poor old blind net-maker at St. Martin's. The little fund collected for his benefit amounted, at the end of last week, to £5, which was duly sent to "G. B." Whitehall-place. Since then, I have received 5s. from "Ignottus," 5s. from "J. W." and "J. A. B.," "F. B. C.," 5s.; 1s. 6d. from "The Fox, the Goose, and the Bag of Corn"; 2s. from "Hobson's Choice"; 4d. from "P. W. M.," on board one of her Majesty's ships in high latitudes; "M. B.," 2s. 6d.; 5s. from "A Lady in Paris, the relative of a man who has been quite blind and quite deaf for more than twenty years"; a postal note of 5s. from "Augusta Sophia," from "C. P." 1s., and from "M. M.," Winchmore Hill, 2s. The cash will forthwith be transmitted to "G. B." No more money, please. G. A. S.



## RUSSIAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.

The Russian army of the peace establishment, numbering 800,000, has this year been engaged in camp drill and field manœuvres at many different places in the Russian Empire. The troops in the province of St. Petersburg were assembled at Krasnoe Selo, twenty miles from the metropolis, during four days, from the 19th to the 23rd ult., while the Emperor Alexander III. and the Empress witnessed a grand performance representing the defence and capture of Plevna. Foreign military officers of the principal States of Europe were invited; and England, like the rest of the Great Powers, was represented by three special officers, Major-General Sir A. Hordinge, Captain Murray, R.A., and Captain Barrow, besides Colonel Herbert, the new military agent attached to the British Embassy. Captain Barrow, who was secretary to General Lumsden on the Afghan Boundary Commission, is a rare example of an English officer speaking fluent Russian.

The plan of operations was to represent the investment and assault of a large fortified camp, supposed to resemble the Turkish fortress of Plevna. Krasnoe Selo, with its outlying villages and hamlets, was surrounded by a chain of redoubts connected by trenches, lunettes, and every other kind of defensive field work of some thirty versts in circumference. Eighteen large and small redoubts were marked on the military map, and the principal ones named after the regiments by which they had been raised—the Paul, Finnish, Grenadier, Moscow, Jäger, Ismail, Semenov, Preobrajensky, and Rifle Brigade redoubts. In reality, only these nine works above-mentioned were called upon to play an active and important part. They constituted the strongest positions of defence, and occupied the half of the circle towards the east, from which the eastern corps of attack was expected on its road from Tsarskoe Selo. The rest of the redoubts forming the other semi-circle on the west were for the most part either left unfinished or only indicated. The entire force taking part in the manœuvres on both sides, between 40,000 and 50,000 men, was not considered sufficiently strong to properly invest and defend the whole of the "iron circle," and therefore the western front was left comparatively open by both parties, somewhat like the west of Plevna, so far as concerned the Russian attempts to invest it in the earlier days of the siege. This illusion was strengthened by the successful entry of a long train of transports, which the Cossacks on the left flank of the besiegers failed to intercept. All the troops were divided into an eastern corps of attack and a western corps of defence. The eastern corps, of superior numbers, under the command of General Prince Shakhafskoy, was composed of thirty-eight battalions, eighty-four guns, thirty squadrons, two telegraph parks, and one pontoon battalion. The western corps of defence, under the command of General Richter, the well-known constructor of the pontoon bridge across the Danube at Simnitza during the Russo-Turkish campaign, consisted of twenty-four battalions, nineteen squadrons, seventy-four guns, and one telegraph park. The programme consisted in the eastern corps forcing the passage of the Tjora river, the miniature Danube for the occasion, against the opposition of the western corps, then fighting its way along the *chaussée*; and, after capturing Tsarskoe Selo, advancing upon Krasnoe Selo and laying siege to the fortified camp. The western corps was gradually to retire, offering battle at various points on the road, and finally to intrench itself within the positions of defence.

The landscape round Krasnoe Selo is rather broken and hilly. One hill, partly covered with pine wood, called the Kirkhof, from a Finnish church on its summit, formed the key of the position on the right of the half-circle, as it stood out much in advance of the redoubts on either side of it; away on the left, with three redoubts intervening on lesser elevations, was the chief position of the other end of the half-circle, called the hill of Nikolina, with the Ismailoff redoubt. These two positions, in fact, showed all the fighting worth seeing. It was understood that special attention was to be given to night attacks, during which the electric light, for discovering the enemy's working parties, and all manner of signalling by flashing lights and lanterns were to be brought into play. On the night of the 22nd, there was a grand feint of attacking the Kirkhof, where an electric light was fixed in one of the lunettes. Its military usefulness was doubted by foreign critics, as it naturally drew the enemy's fire, and when turned off from the front instead of being extinguished, its whole flood of light was cast on the white church behind, thus presenting a splendid target for the hostile artillery. The illuminating rockets used at Nikolina, where the Czar was for some time present, appeared to be far more effective. It was, however, a splendid display of fireworks, as lights and lanterns flashed about everywhere; long electric beams streamed across the country in all directions, and a continual fountain of hissing rockets, shot up from Nikolina, burst their showers of illuminating lights over the enemy's advance. The villagers fancied that it might be in honour of the news of the deposition of the Prince of Bulgaria, which had just then been received by the Czar.

We are indebted to Lieutenant B. Baden-Powell, one of the English officers present, for the sketch that appears on our front page.

The Portrait of Constable M'Nulty, of Belfast, is from a photograph by Mr. A. G. Massey, of the Royal Ulster Studio, High-street, Belfast.

We are asked to announce that, in response to a general wish, the Lord Mayor will be willing to receive donations at the Mansion House in aid of the sufferers by the recent hurricane in the Island of St. Vincent, West Indies.

The month's fast of the Italian Succì came to an end last Saturday morning, when he partook of some broth, and during the forenoon he ate a hearty luncheon. His medical and other attendants have signed a declaration that all the conditions laid down were observed.

The School of Art Wood-carving, which was formerly held at the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, but removed a year ago to the City and Guilds Institute, Exhibition-road, has been reopened after the usual summer vacation, and we are requested to state that one or two of the free studentships in the evening classes maintained by the institute are vacant.

Specimens of the annuals and new publications for the season issued by the Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, have been received. They are pleasant reading, on various subjects, and are published in attractive forms, making excellent gift-books for the young, bearing as they do, from the very nature of their source, a guarantee of the purity of their contents—no unimportant matter in this age of sensational publications.

As the result of the three competitions of the Middlesex Rifle Association for the championship of the county, the three highest places have been secured as follows:—Gold champion badge, Sergeant E. S. Roberts, Honourable Artillery Company; silver champion badge, Sergeant Holton, Queen's (Westminster); and bronze champion badge, Private Lowe, Queen's (Westminster).—Sergeant Jackson, of Grimsby, the Queen's prizeman, on Monday won the gold medal of the Eastern Counties Rifle Club at Spalding.

## THE COURT.

The Queen and the Duchess of Albany were present at Divine service on Sunday morning in the parish church of Crathie. The Rev. Archibald Campbell officiated. The Earl of Idessleigh and Lord Rowton had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Her Majesty walks and drives daily.

The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, arrived at Marlborough House from Copenhagen on Thursday week. On Friday evening the Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, left Marlborough House for Abergeldie Castle. The Prince joined her Royal Highness at York Station. At Ballater the Royal party were met by the Duchess of Albany and family, from Birkhall. A guard of honour from the barracks was drawn up outside the station, and presented arms as their Royal Highnesses appeared at the entrance, the Royal salute also being given when the Duchess of Albany arrived from Birkhall. Abergeldie was reached shortly after noon; and their Royal Highnesses visited the Queen in the afternoon. The Prince has arranged to leave Abergeldie for Invercauld, as the guest of Colonel Farquharson, on Monday next.

The King of Portugal arrived in London yesterday week from Ostend, and was met at Victoria Station by Prince Albert Victor, who accompanied him to Buckingham Palace. The King was present at the Lyceum Theatre last Saturday evening, and witnessed the performance of "Faust." On Sunday morning his Majesty and suite attended Divine service at the Farm-street Chapel. In the afternoon the King visited the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, where his Majesty was received by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen. The King also went to the Zoological Society's Gardens, and was conducted by Mr. Bartlett round the premises. The King honoured the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress with his presence at luncheon at the Mansion House on Tuesday, and was afterwards conducted by the Lord Mayor over the Guildhall. On Wednesday morning his Majesty left London.

The Duke of Edinburgh and Prince George of Wales arrived at Constantinople on Monday. They were received by a distinguished gathering, and on landing drove in state to the kiosk in the Yildiz Park, which had been specially prepared for them and placed at their disposal. They were received on Tuesday at the kiosk in the Yildiz Park by Kiamil Pasha and the Minister of Marine.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Port Said on the 22nd.

The Duke of Cambridge left Vienna yesterday week for Gmünden, on a short visit to the Dowager Queen of Hanover and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, returning thence to London.

The death of French Royalists is announced. The Duc Decazes died on the 23rd inst., at his château at Grave, in the Gironde. The Duc, who was the eldest son of the Duc Decazes, Minister of the Restoration, was born in 1819, and was employed in the diplomatic service of France. After the fall of the Empire he was returned to the National Assembly by the department of the Gironde, and became one of the leaders of the Right Centre. For a few months in 1873 the Duc was French Ambassador at London, and on his recall to Paris he became Minister for Foreign Affairs, a position which he held in several Cabinets.—The death is also announced of M. De Carayon Latour, a great landed proprietor, aged sixty-two. He took a most honourable part in the Franco-Prussian War.

The Emperor William was present at the field manœuvres of the 15th Army Corps, which were concluded last Saturday on the heights east of Nimwersheim. Shortly after one o'clock the regimental commanders assembled round the Emperor, who in taking leave of them expressed his satisfaction at the efficiency of the troops. His Majesty afterwards returned to Strasburg, where he arrived at half-past two o'clock, being enthusiastically cheered. After attending Divine service on Sunday morning, the Emperor left at one o'clock for Baden-Baden. By desire of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, accompanied by Prince William of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Baden, and the Governor of Alsace-Lorraine (Prince Hohenlohe), proceeded to Metz on Monday morning, to represent his Majesty at the receptions prepared for him there. The distinguished travellers were received at the station by Prince Albert, General Heudeuck, and the chief civil and military authorities of the district, together with Dr. Fleck, the Catholic Bishop. The city was gaily decorated, and the streets crowded with citizens and peasants, representatives of all the public and private societies of the district, and thousands of school children carrying flowers. The welcome the assembled crowds gave to the Crown Prince and suite was most enthusiastic.—The Crown Princess arrived at Milan on Sept. 18 from Salò, and proceeded to Monza on a visit to the Queen of Italy.—The third reading of the bill for prolonging the treaty of commerce between Germany and Spain was agreed to last Monday in the Reichstag without debate, after which Herr Von Boetticher, Secretary of State, read an Imperial message, formally closing the Session.—The annual meeting of German scientists, or German "British Association," was inaugurated yesterday week at Berlin, by the opening of a scientific exhibition. Professor Virchow gave an address. About 2700 German scientists are attending.

The Czar and Czarina arrived on the 15th inst. at the hunting-lodge in Spala, and went out wild boar hunting with the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Nicholas.

An attempt was made on Thursday last week in Bucharest to assassinate M. Bratianu, the Roumanian Premier, at whom a shot was fired, which missed him, and slightly wounded a deputy who was with him. The man was arrested.

Three Western States of America have been visited by cyclones, which have partially destroyed two towns in Illinois and Michigan, and some lives are reported to have been lost.

Some of the sketches of Canadian Lumbering, in our publication of the 11th inst., were taken from Cassell's "Picturesque Canada."

Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Port Pirie, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in July last.

From King Theebaw's palace at Mandalay, a magnificent collection of jewellery and plate has been sent to England by the Viceroy, and it has been lent to the Colonial and Indian Exhibition by the Secretary of State for India. Most of these articles are heavily set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, pearls, and other precious stones. The collection has been placed in cases adjacent to the Ceylon Court.

William Beach, of Australia, and Jacob Gaudaur, of America, rowed over the Thames, from Putney to the Ship at Mortlake, last Saturday, for the championship of the world and £1000. The race was keenly contested; and Beach, winning by a few seconds, retains the title of champion, which he has held since 1884.—George Bubeau, of Putney, and Peter Kemp, of Australia, again met over the Thames championship course, on Monday, to scull for £200. As in the previous contest, the victory rested with the Englishman.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Everyone will be glad to observe a more tolerant and charitable attitude on the part of audiences on the occasion of the production of a new play. The experience of last year was not a very cheerful one. Managers became nervous, and did not dare to bring out any new play that had not enjoyed a firm success elsewhere. The courteous and earnest attention that has been recently given to Mr. H. Hamilton's "Harvest" and English plays of the same pattern, which, through far from perfect, are at least honest attempts to counteract the empty frivolity and chaff that burden and depress the theatrical atmosphere, is earnest of a new era and a better state of things. Mr. Hamilton cannot complain of any intolerance or restlessness on the part of those who pronounced a very satisfactory verdict on his play. They listened to it with extreme attention, noted all its good points, and gave him great encouragement to use his clever pen in the service of the drama. If occasionally he gives us a little too much for our money, it is a fault on the right side. Whatever he gives us is good and pure; and it is easier to cut than supply. Sometimes he forgets that the people who are most welcome on the stage are those who are ideal in contrast to those who are strictly real. A woman's forgiveness is a pleasanter picture than a woman's vengeance. We see so much misery and wickedness in the world around us; life is sometimes so very hard and bitter to all of us that we turn to the stage for relief, not for confirmation. A man who has pretended to marry a woman, who has introduced her everywhere as his wife, who has made her a mother, is a dastard when, on some legal flaw, he repudiates the woman when he is weary of her. There is very little that such a fellow does not deserve. Scarcely any punishment is too great for him. But the arm of the vengeance that his crime deserves is not the woman he has outraged. He will be settled with elsewhere. For vengeance, though very natural in such a case, is not pleasant to contemplate. A grey-haired woman who has nursed her fury for twenty years, and allowed no time to heal her bitter wounds, errs against charity when she refuses to pardon the repentant man prepared to atone for his misdeeds; she errs against common-sense when she allows her ungovernable fury to fall on the heads of innocent children she is bound to protect. When Mr. Hamilton's Brenda insults her old lover's step-child, and tells her she is delighted to see her suffer because of her mother's selfishness, she ceases to earn our sympathies, even our respect. The pity we had for her before is discounted. She has had great provocation, but that does not always justify unkindness to the innocent and unprotected. When Leah the Forsaken curses her faithless lover, she arouses our awe, not our love. Then, again, it is not always wise to base a play on the sufferings of elderly ladies, however charming they may have been in early life. Love, young, strong, passionate, and picturesque, must ever be the mainstay of plays. It narrows your subject-matter, but people are never tired of seeing it on the stage. It is not everything that is true that is palatable, and the realistic would do well to bear this fact well in mind. Art is for the cultivation of the beautiful, not the ugly. The learned critic of the *Daily News*, who is well versed in the law, has pointed out some pitfalls into which the author has fallen over the vexed question of Scotch marriages that have puzzled many a lawyer before now. But a further difficulty has occurred to my mind, which I have not seen alluded to elsewhere. The hero and heroine in this play part because they are not married according to the Scotch law. They plighted their troth over the border and in England. They are not man and wife, and the child is not legitimate, because they were not married by English or Scotch law. In point of fact, they are not married at all. How, then, could the Scotch law assist them twenty years afterwards in legitimizing their son? They were outside it altogether, and independent of it.

The good writing and clever acting, however, atoned for many blemishes. However dismal were many phases in the lives of Brenda and Sir Geoffrey, Miss Amy Rcelles was able to command earnest attention when the audience was least convinced by her. This excellent actress had an uphill, trying part to play, but she acted it so well and delivered her speeches with such striking effect that she conquered many who would otherwise have cavilled. Would, indeed, that the same power of expression was possessed by others. The author suffered over and over again from his interpreters, who had clever remarks to make, but were unable to give them due point and emphasis. From this condemnation must certainly be excepted both Miss Fanny Brongh and Mr. Charles Hawtreys, whose merry scores between Irish girl and Saxon youth enlivened everybody, and were the joy of the play. Miss Brongh is an excellent actress, as sincere in pathos as she is clever in comedy; and it seems a pity that we see so little of her in London, where she ought to be constantly employed. A bright and pretty little actress was discovered in Miss Chester, who at once made friends with her audience and lighted up the stage whenever she was on it. How strange it is that, wherever the acting is good and pleasant; where the lines are well delivered by a pretty and sympathetic actress, then immediately the play or the scene is said to be good. Whenever the actor or actress is discordant or drag their speeches, then the author is blamed for his tediousness and didactic dialogue. Miss Carlotta Addison happily appears on the stage again after a long absence; and Mr. Charles Hawtreys promises to be a clever and interesting comedian. He has a nice sense of humour, and his style is very pleasant. His face, when he looked at the audience in a kind of contemptuous fashion, and declared that he did not want to make a speech, was comical in the extreme. Luckily, Mr. Wilson Barrett had not left him a legacy of senseless speechmaking. The criticism has arrived at a pitch of absurdity, and I am delighted Mr. Hawtreys would have none of it. Except on very rare occasions, authors ought never to be called, and personal speeches never made. The unsuspecting author who creeps from behind the curtain expecting congratulations, and obtaining catcalls, is scarcely more to be pitied than the boisterous manager who rushes to the front, with his hand on his heart, and says, "Tell me, did you really like the play?" or, "Don't you think I am the cleverest manager in the wide world?" One of these days a negative will be returned, when an affirmative is expected.

C. S.

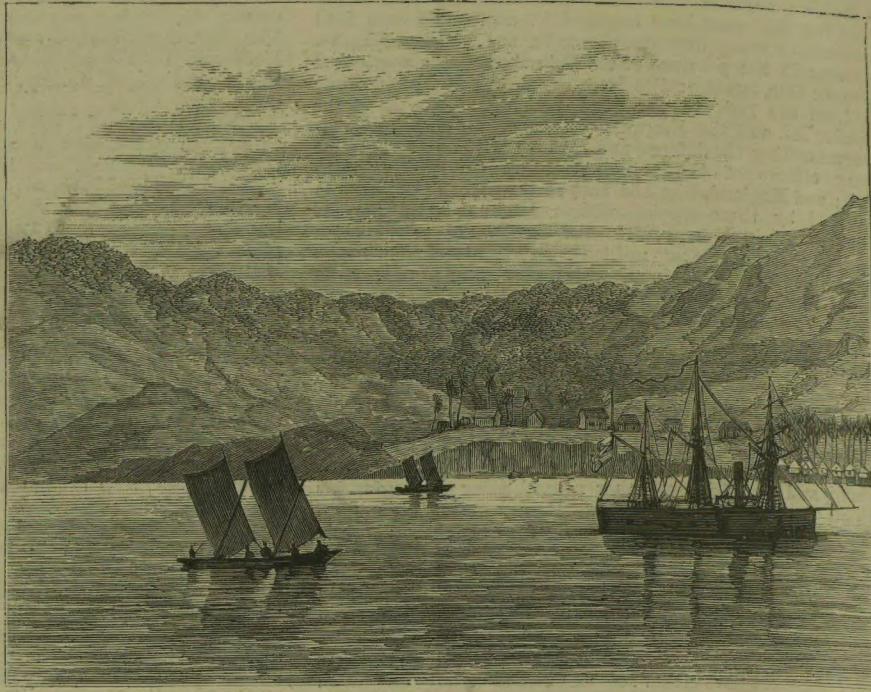
Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment will re-open for the autumn season, on Monday evening, Oct. 4, when Mr. Comyns Carr's amusing piece "A United Pair" will be given, and Mr. Corney Grain's latest musical sketch, "Henley Regatta."

On Monday the Moore and Burgess Minstrels entered upon the twenty-second consecutive year of their performances at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. In the afternoon a numerous and demonstrative audience afforded evidence, if any were needed, that the Moore and Burgess Minstrels have lost none of the popularity which they have enjoyed so long. A new programme on the old lines was gone through, including a number of songs, which were well sung, and enthusiastically applauded.





THE EARTHQUAKE IN GREECE: WATER-MILL NEAR ARGOSTOLI, CEPHALONIA.



PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

## FALL OF A BRIDGE AT BELFAST.

The Albert Bridge over the river Laggan, connecting the town of Belfast with the populous suburbs of Mount Pottinger and Ballymacarret, on the county Down bank of that river, suddenly broke down on Wednesday week, at half-past seven in the evening. Two of the central arches fell, with about twenty persons, who were precipitated a depth of thirty feet into the river, and five at least were drowned. The bridge, which was built in 1831, had for some time been out of repair, and the foundations had sunk nearly twenty inches. The County Grand Juries (Irish County Sessions) of Down and Antrim, with the Belfast Town Council, had arranged for its partial reconstruction, and the traffic over the bridge was to have been stopped the very next day. A large main pipe of the Gas Company lay along the bridge, and a watchman, named Matthews, was on night duty for its protection before removal. This man was drowned, with a policeman, and two young children, whose mother, Mrs. McGuire, was rescued from the water, insensible and severely wounded in the head. Another child was seen in the water, and one of the police, Constable M'Nulty, made a brave attempt to reach it, but was frustrated by part of the bridge falling upon him. We give a Portrait of M'Nulty, who says, "I had just crossed from the Mount Pottinger side of the bridge, and was walking briskly towards the town end. I was not on duty. There were a good many people about on the bridge at the time. Suddenly all the lights went out, and I heard a crash behind me as if of falling masonry. We were in total darkness, and people were crying out all around that the bridge had fallen in. About two yards behind me there was a great chasm where the middle of the bridge had been. There were a woman and two children on the bridge, and when I looked round the children were gone, and the night watchman had also disappeared. I saw one of the children

in the water, and endeavoured to rescue it, but, while I was on the plank at the edge of the water, another portion of the bridge fell in, and knocked the child out of my reach, at the same time striking me on the arm. The child disappeared, and I saw it no more. Two young men swam out from the Short Strand, and saved the woman who was in the water. We got her on shore, and I assisted her to a car, and we brought her to the hospital. From the number of people on the bridge at the time of the accident, I would say there are about six people killed." Great alarm was occasioned by the escape of immense quantities of gas from the broken mains, the watchman's fire being close to them; it was feared that there would be an explosion of the pipes to a considerable length, but the gas manager promptly cut off the supply. The river, then at low tide, was crowded with boats in search of surviving persons who might be picked up, or the bodies of the dead. The Mayor, Sir Edward Harland, with the Town Clerk and others of the Corporation, arrived soon after the accident, to direct these humane efforts.

Important discoveries have been made in the course of the excavations at the Acropolis of Mycenæ. Portions of a building, which is supposed to be the Palace of the Atridæ, have been laid bare. Three passages lead to a court, in which there are traces of buildings of a more recent date. Behind this is a hall, in the middle of which is a hearth, the whole agreeing with the Homeric descriptions. Near the hall are two small rooms communicating with one another. The architecture is similar to that discovered at Tiryns. Other discoveries have been made, comprising the head of a woman, of archaic art and good workmanship and preservation, several bronze statuettes and portions of vases, the colouring of which is vivid and quite uneffaced. The researches have all been carried out by the Greek Archæological Society.

## PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

The south-eastern portion of New Guinea, including the peninsula of the Mount Owen Stanley range and the adjacent small islands, with the southern coast opposite to Cape York, North Australia, across Torres Strait, was formally annexed to the British Empire two years ago. It is constituted a Protectorate, now administered by the Hon. John Douglas, Special Commissioner, who succeeded the late High Commissioner, General Sir Peter Scratchley, on his death soon after the establishment of British rule on that coast. To the west of the 141st degree of longitude, New Guinea is claimed by the Dutch dominion; while the German Empire has taken possession of the north-eastern shores beyond Huon Gulf, with "New Britain," "New Ireland," and the Admiralty Islands. The coast of the south-eastern peninsula, looking towards North Queensland, was long since carefully explored by British officers commanding Admiralty Surveying Expeditions, and most completely in 1872 by Captain (now Admiral) Moresby, in H.M.S. Basilisk, when he discovered the fine harbour now called by his name. Port Moresby, of which a View is presented, from a sketch by Lieutenant A. S. Cleeve, R.N., with the landlocked inner basin of Fairfax Harbour, is situated in latitude 9 deg. 30 min. S., and longitude 147 deg. 10 min. E., where a beach of coral and white sand takes place instead of the low mangrove-covered shore extending from Yule Island or Redscar Bay. The depth of water is from four to seven fathoms close to the beach, and the inner harbour is surrounded by round grassy hills, well cultivated by the natives for yams, bananas, and taro, with gum-trees scattered over the sides. The native tribe here, numbering about eight hundred of the light-coloured Malay race, under a chief or king named Boe Vago, dwelling in palm-leaf huts, thatched with grass, among groves of cocoa-nut trees, have willingly accepted the British Protectorate. The climate is unhealthy for European residents.

Constable M'Nulty.



FALL OF A BRIDGE AT BELFAST.





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

The speaker rose and took the candle; then he stooped beside the motionless figure.

"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN." By WALTER BESANT.



## THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "DOROTHY FORSTER,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "CHILDREN OF GIBRON," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## IN THE CRIMP'S HOUSE.

Mr. Jonathan Rayment was not only a crimp (though at his shop in Leman-street they knew not this, and in his houses they knew not his name), but he was a crimp in a large way of business, as they say of honest trades, being the possessor of half a dozen houses in different parts of London, all kept for no other purpose than the receiving of recruits for the service of the East India Company. There is no concealment about this business; everybody knows that they are crimps' houses. One of them was in High-street, Wapping; one in Chancery-lane; a third in Butcher-row, at the back of St. Clement's Church; and another in Tothill-fields. He employed a good many men to decoy and entrap his prey. Some among them went dressed soberly, like substantial citizens, or in scarlet, like half-pay captains, and frequented the gaming-houses, where they made the acquaintance of those who were driven to despair by losing all; some haunted the coffee-houses, taverns, theatres, and mug-houses. Here they picked up young countrymen who had run through their money, 'prentices who had robbed their masters, and even young gentlemen of quality who had wasted their substance in riotous living, and now saw nothing before them but a debtors' prison. Others, again, worked chiefly in the neighbourhood of Wapping and the town, being always on the look out for rustics and labouring men out of work, disbanded soldiers, paid-off sailors, men discharged for misconduct, and rogues in hiding. These they either bought or entrapped, and sometimes when they could not persuade, they hesitated not to kidnap. It was from this gang that the six fellows came who assaulted Jack.

When they got to the riverside, still running at the double, being horribly afraid of the Press, and knowing not whether they might not encounter the gang face to face, they made all haste to deposit their charge in the boat, and rowed off. Presently the cold air playing on Jack's bare head began to revive him, and he half opened his eyes and began to collect his senses. Fortunately, the men paid no attention to him, or it might have been all over with him. At first he understood nothing except that he was in a boat, but on what water he knew not. Next he understood that the men were rowing up stream. And so, little by little, some knowledge of what had happened came to him, and he wondered whither they were taking him, and why he was thus treated. He understood, that is to say, that he had been attacked, and perhaps robbed, and that he had been in a swoon. More he knew not. "No voyage," he told me afterwards, "ever seemed longer to me than this three-quarters of a mile from Deptford to King Edward's Stairs. And I knew not whether to rejoice or to tremble when the men shipped oars and the boat's bows struck the stairs." The event was doubtful, and only one thing certain—namely, that he was in hands which meant no good to him; that he had been knocked silly for a time, and was still incapable of making resistance; that it was growing late, and good people were abed; and that he had been conveyed to the other side of the river, where honest people are scarce. For all these reasons he resolved upon continuing senseless as long as possible. If, he thought, it had been intended to kill him, why had they not done so right off? Why had they not tumbled him into the river? Why had they taken all the trouble of carrying him to the riverside and so across the water if they were going to kill him? And if not, what were they going to do with him?

King Edward's Stairs, whither they brought him, are the next but one, going down the river, to Execution Dock. These stairs are at no time in the day so well frequented as Wapping Old Stairs and Wapping New Stairs, higher up, or Shadwell Stairs, lower down. After dark, they are for the most part deserted, or simply used by the river pirates and night plunderers for the landing of the booty they have gotten from ships and barges. On this night there were no watermen on the stairs, and only, at the head, clustered together for warmth, under a pent-house, which would keep off rain, if not wind and cold, half a dozen of the miserable boys who pick up their living in the mud of the river, and are called mudlarks or ratcatchers. When they grow up, they may perhaps become lumpers or scuffle-hunters, if they are lucky, and so get a chance of dying in their beds. But for the most part they are destined to become what are called light horsemen (that is, robbers of ships lying in the river) and plunderers working for the receivers of Wapping and Shadwell, and pretty certain to be either knocked on the head in some brawl or hanged for robbery.

The boys looked up on hearing the steps; but, seeing a dead body (as it seemed) being carried by half a dozen men, they prudently observed silence, and lay snug, lest they themselves might be put into the condition of being unable to give evidence. The men carried their burden up the steps, cursing and grumbling at the weight—a body measuring six feet one is not a light weight even for six men to carry. Then they turned the lantern once more upon his face.

"He is stark dead," said one. "Let us empty his pockets and chuck him into the river."

"No—no," said another. "Bring him along. He is not dead."

So they lifted him up and carried him along the streets, where by this time the taverns were closed, and the people all gone to their beds. Jack knew very well that they must be somewhere among those streets of sailors' houses and sailors' shops which lie between the riverside and the market-gardens of Shadwell and Wapping. But still he understood not what was intended by carrying him here.

Presently they halted at a house—it was in the High-street, Wapping. By this time Jack had cautiously opened his eyes. He saw that he was in the hands of a company of six. What had these fellows to do with him? Why did they take all this trouble?

Then the door was opened, and they carried him into the house and up the stairs into a room at the back. Here they flung him down upon the floor, and that so roughly that his wound was opened and he swooned away once more.

When he recovered, he found that they were dragging his clothes from him.

"Now," said one of them, "throw a blanket over him, Parson. Lay them things ready for him to put on; they're the clothes of the poor devil who died here last week. If he wants to escape, he will have either to run naked or to put on these duds, instead of his fine uniform, which will change him so as his own mother won't know him again. Perhaps she won't get the chance of setting eyes upon her boy for many a year to come. Now then, smart's the word, ye lubbers; we've got our man snug and safe, and now we'll have some supper, and watch turn about."

Jack was now wide awake, but his head was still heavy. Things looked black. He was in a house at Wapping, and he

was stripped naked; he had an open and bleeding wound in the head; a bundle of rags was lying beside him in place of his own clothes; he was guarded by half a dozen ruffians, as ugly and villainous-looking a crew as one may desire. In looking at them, being, perhaps, a little light-headed by his wound, he began to think about Mr. Brinjes' piratical crew, and how they fought and killed each other. Perhaps these gentlemen might begin to fight after they had taken their supper. Perhaps they would all kill each other. Meanwhile he lay perfectly still, with one eye half open.

Then the man they called "Parson" came up-stairs, bringing food and drink, which he set upon the table, and they took their supper for the most part in silence, or, if there was any talk, it was disguised and rendered unintelligible by the oaths and cursing which wrapped it up. The fellows, in fact, were uneasy; they had faithfully carried out their orders, but they knew not what might happen in consequence to themselves. It is the punishment of such men as these that they must needs do what their master bids them, as much as if they were bound hand and foot to the Devil, because they are one and all in his power, and he might cause every man to be hanged, if he chose. The "Parson" had now lit the fire, which was blazing cheerfully, and there was a candle on the table. The room was small, and the windows were barred; the air was heavy and stinking. As for the "Parson," Jack observed that he was a young man, whose face bore the marks of deep dejection, but not of the brutal habits which were stamped upon the faces of his associates. And he was dressed in a cassock. What was a clergyman doing in such a house?

When the men had eaten their supper, they began to pass round the pannikin. They passed it so quickly that Jack hoped they would speedily get drunk, so that the fighting might begin. They did get drunk, but they did not fight. One after the other, they fell asleep, until two only were left awake. These were to take the first watch, and had therefore been obliged to spare the pannikin. The Parson quietly laid the four who were asleep upon the floor, their feet to the fire. Then he took the candle and looked at Jack.

"Our new recruit," he said, speaking with the voice of a scholar, and not in the coarse and rude speech of his companions, "our new recruit appears to be overcome with fatigue. Zeal for the service hath, doubtless, laid him low."

He laid aside the hair, and looked at the wound. "It is more than fatigue," he said. "I perceive that he hath received a hurt. It is not uncommon with those who come to this house."

"He fell down," one of the men replied; "and he fell down so gallowas hard that he knocked his head upon a stone, and hasn't opened his eyes nor his mouth since."

"Gentlemen, the man hath an ugly wound. 'Twere a pity—his Honour would take it ill—if anything happened to this man, a tall and proper fellow, for want of a little care. By your permission, I will bring cold water and dress the wound."

They made no objection, and the Parson presently returned with a clout and cold water, with which he washed the blood, and applied plaster to the wound. As for the bleeding, it was caused by the cutting of the ear rather than the blow on the skull. This done, he laid a blanket over Jack's bare limbs.

"He will now," said the Parson, "when he recovers, lie easier. It is long since you brought in so brave a recruit. Call me, gentlemen, when he recovers; the pulse is quick and strong; he will not long be senseless. I am but in the next room. Shall I bring you some more rum, gentlemen?"

"You may, Parson. The jug is out. Fill it up. We have four hours' watch before us. And more tobacco."

The fire was now burning low. Through the bars of the windows Jack could see the stars, and presently a clock hard by struck twelve. He was a recruit, he now understood. In other words, he had been kidnapped, and was in the house of a crimp. Everybody has heard of such places, but they do not generally kidnap officers of the King's Navy. However, it seemed as if they were not going to murder him, which was a comfort. No man, not even the bravest, likes to be knocked on the head, in a house of crimps, while helpless and faint.

The men who were on watch filled and lit their pipes, and began to talk in low voices.

"I'm queerly sleepy, mate," said one. "How hard they breathe, don't they?"

"There were no orders about his purse," said the other. "Five guineas and a crown: That's a guinea and a shilling apiece. Little enough, too, for our trouble. What about the clothes?"

"There's no orders about the clothes. Let us have them too."

"No. Let us burn the clothes. Guineas can't tell no tales. But a King's uniform can. Best burn 'em."

"Mate," said the other, "I don't like the job. It's no laughing matter, I doubt. Let us cut his throat at once, while the others are asleep. We can slash his face, and lay him naked in the fields, so as no one won't know him again."

"Same as we did that other fellow who tried to get away. We took him to Whitechapel Mount though."

"We've knocked many on the head before."

"But never a King's officer. This one won't order up no man again for six dozen, will he?"

"Perhaps he is dead already."

The speaker rose, and took the candle. Then he stooped beside the motionless figure and slowly passed the candle across the eyes. If you do this before a man who is sound asleep, he will become restless and uneasy even if he is not actually awake; if you do it to a waking man it is difficult indeed for him not to open his eyes or wink them. But Jack made no sign.

"He is still senseless," said the man. "I wonder if he is really dead." He felt his heart.

"No; his heart is beating."

"Mate?" asked the other. Jack understood, though his eyes were closed, that there was a gesture as of a knife across the throat.

"'Twould make all sure," he said; "dead men tell no tales. Suppose we were to ship him, what is to prevent their finding out that they've a King's officer on board? Suppose we finish him off now, who will be able to split on us? Let us take and do it—you and me, while he's unconscious. What is it? One slice of the knife, and we've done with him, in a neat and workmanlike manner."

"Hold hard a bit, mate. What about the tall fellow on the other side? You heard what he said. Besides, the Parson knows. We can't cut the Parson's throat as well. But it's the tall fellow I fear, not the Parson."

"If it comes to hanging," said the other, swearing horribly, "damme if I swing alone."

"You'll have me kicking alongside of you, mate, and the rest of us. We shall all swing in a row."

"Ay, and he shall kick with us. Oh! I know who he is."

"Who is he?"

"That's my secret. I know him. And that is enough."

"Tell me, my hearty."

"His name is Fletcher—Aaron Fletcher. He's a boat-builder by trade, but he's got a boat of his own, which he keeps sometimes at Gravesend, and sometimes up the Medway, and sometimes she lays off Leigh, in Essex, where I've

unladen many a cargo for him. If so be we are brought into trouble by this night's job, pass the word for a warrant to arrest Aaron Fletcher. Don't you forget the name—Aaron Fletcher, of Deptford, him as give the orders, and stood behind the tree, ready to whistle when the lantern glowed we'd got him."

"I won't forget, mate. Let us leave the job till tomorrow. If it's to be a throat job, take in the rest: make 'em all have a hand in it—Parson and all. Every man shall have his hand in it. What! Are we two to be hanged and the rest get off?"

They went back to their pipes and their rum.

"The ship sails next Saturday at noon," said one. "We've got but five recruits counting the Parson, and I doubt if the Captain will let him go. Because why? 'Tis useful and hardy to have a man in the place like the Parson, who won't get drunk, and does the house-work beautiful, and doesn't look outside the doors for fear of being taken. There's the 'prentice and the footpad, and the fellow who sits and snivels all day long. What with the war and the new ships and the new regiments, the Company's service will go to the dogs; and what is to become of us? It is a poor show after the stout fellows we used to hale on board, all so drunk that they couldn't stand."

"The Captain says business must get better, and he can't have a set o' lazy rogues eating their heads off. Why did the Captain send us to Deptford? He must be in it as well."

"If he is, who's to prove it? He didn't give no orders. Pass the pannikin."

Their pipes being now out, they began to drink faster, Jack looking on, half tempted to pretend recovery and to ask for a tot of the drink. Fortunately, he refrained. For, in a short time, he perceived that their heads began to drop and their eyes to swim. "Never," thought Jack, "have I seen men get drunk in this fashion before." Then they caught at the table to prevent falling, and poured more rum from the jug into the pannikin and drank it, but with unsteady hand. Then their heads nodded heavily at each other, with wild eyes, as if they would fain keep sober; and then one of them fell from his chair upon the floor, and, with a drunken curse upon his lips, fell instantly fast asleep. "The rum must have the Devil in it," Jack said to himself.

There was now only one man left of the whole six. It was the man who was so anxious to finish off the job in workmanlike fashion. He looked round him stupidly. His five comrades were lying on the floor, breathing heavily. His eyes fell upon the corner where Jack lay. He rose up, and opened the sailors' knife which hung round his neck.

"I'll cut his throat," he said, with drunken cunning, "while the others are asleep. In the morning I shall say they did it, and I looked on, but couldn't prevent, so drunk they were, and me the only sober one. The Captain, he won't let 'em all be hanged, poor devils! when I tell him how they got drunk, and would do it, whatever I could say." Here he rolled, and nearly fell. He reached for the jug, and drank from it. Then his legs gave way beneath him, and he fell upon his back. He tried to get up, still holding his knife in his hand, and meditating the murder. But he fell back, his head pillowed upon a sleeping brother's leg.

"I'll cut his throat," he said, "first thing in the morning, before the others wake. If Aaron—Aaron—comes to ask—I'll cut his throat, too—and the Parson's, too—and the Captain's. I'll cut all their throats."

He said no more, and then there was nothing heard but the heavy breathing and snoring of the whole six. And Jack heard the clock of St. John's strike two. He was not killed yet, and the murderers were dead drunk. If only he could find the strength to get up, and to put on the rags which lay beside him in place of his own clothes!

## CHAPTER XX.

## OF JACK'S ESCAPE.

This resolution of the doubt whether he was to be immediately slaughtered or not naturally gave the Lieutenant considerable satisfaction. The villain who was chiefly set upon his murder was fast asleep, breathing heavily, the knife still in his hand with which he had intended to carry out his diabolical design had not the rum overmastered him.

He tried to sit up. Alas! his head was like a heavy lump of lead which he could not lift. That he was stripped naked would have mattered little; he had a blanket, and the fellows had not taken off his shoes, so that had he got out into the street, he would have appeared barchaded, wrapped round the body with a rug, like a savage, yet, as to his feet, dressed white in silk stockings and silver buckled shoes. Sailors have been turned out into the street in even worse plight than this, and certainly one would rather escape raked than not at all.

So he lay, listening and watching, for two hours and more. Then the candle, which had been flickering in the socket, went out suddenly, and there was no light except a dim red glow from the dying embers in the fireplace, and the house seemed perfectly quiet.

"This," said Jack, listening, "looks more hopeful. If only I could sit up."

He confessed afterwards, and was not ashamed to confess, that he was greatly moved with fear during this uncertainty of his fate, and that no action at sea could compare for dreadfulness with this helpless lying in a corner, expecting at any moment to be slaughtered like a poor silly sheep. "For," he said, "if a man cannot fight, he must needs be a coward. There is no help for him. I shall never laugh at cowards more. I had no strength left in me to make the least resistance—no, not so much as a girl. And I looked every moment to hear one of these villains stir and wake up."

They did not stir or make the least sign of waking; but Jack heard footsteps on the stairs. "Here comes another murderer," he thought; "it is now all over with me, and I shall see my Bess no more. Poor girl! Will she murder Aaron in revenge? Or will she never find out, and marry him? Oh! for ten minutes of my old strength and a cudgel!"

The extremity of his agitation gave him power to lift his head and to sit upright, leaning against the wall, and looking for nothing less than immediate death.

The footsteps were those of the man in the cassock whom they called the Parson. He carried in his hand a candle, with which he surveyed the room and the sleeping men. Then he turned to the prisoner.

"So," he said, "you have come to your senses, and can sit up. Do you think you can stand and walk?"

"If you mean to murder me," said Jack, "do it at once, without more jaw—of which we have had enough."

"I have no such thought, Sir. Murder you? Heaven forbid! Why should I murder you?"

"Then hush! or you will wake these fellows."

"Wake them?" The Parson kicked the man who lay nearest him. "Wake them? If the house was in flames, they would not wake up till they were half burned. In this place, Sir, we know our business and how to doctor the drink, so as to produce as sound a sleep as is thought necessary. For instance, you may sing or dance, or do anything you please,





THE GALLANT LANCER.



but you shall not wake up these fellows. I have done the job for them, and they are safe for six hours and more to come."

"What do you want with me, then?" asked Jack. "You are one of them, and yet"—

"I am in this house for my sins and for my punishment, not for my pleasure. Ask me no more. As for what I want with you, I am come to set you free."

"To set me free? Is it possible?"

"Sir," said this strange creature, "you are astonished to find any conscience at all in such a place, which is, indeed, truly the habitation of devils. Yet I would not have your murder added to my guilt, and, upon my word, Sir, when these villains come to their senses, I believe there is no chance for you whatever. For, Sir, consider. The kidnapping of a King's officer, and the shipping of him on board an East Indiaman, is a thing which cannot fail to be discovered, and it is certainly a hanging matter. I know not what madness possessed them to attempt it. Therefore, they are mighty uneasy, and though they have put off the matter for the night, because you were senseless, and no man likes to kill another in his sleep, yet to-morrow morning, when they come to themselves and consider the danger they are in, they will, I am certain, resolve to dispatch you in order to make all sure, and then, after slashing your face, they will lay you in some open and exposed spot, as Whitechapel Mount or the Market-gardens, or very likely, if it seems easier done, they will tie a stone to your feet and drop you into the river. Because, Sir, the body once out of the way, and not to be recognised, who is to prove the murder, unless one of the villains turns informer?"

To this Jack could make no reply, but still he marvelled greatly that such a man should be in such a place.

"Certain I am," the Parson continued, "that never man had a more narrow escape than you. And had you been conscious, or showed any signs of life, they would have brained you. Therefore I kept coming and going, because, though the house reeks with murder, I think that they would not go so far as to murder you before my eyes. But come, Sir, it is close upon early morning, and already nearly three of the clock. Rise, if you can, and dress yourself in these rags that are left out for you. Indeed, Sir, I cannot restore to you your clothes, which are down-stairs, because I wish it to appear that you have escaped by your own wit and daring. Quick, then, and put on these things."

Then, as Jack was unable of himself to stand, this Samaritan, for he was nothing short, brought him a chair, and helped him to raise himself into it, and clothed him as if he were a child. The things which he had to put on were so old and ragged that they would scarce hold together; and they were so dirty that no ragamuffin of the street would have picked them out of the gutter; no scarecrow in the fields ever had such clothes. They consisted of nothing more than a pair of corduroy breeches, and a dirty old knitted waistcoat, both in tatters and full of holes. Nevertheless, when Jack had them on, his courage came back to him. A man feels stronger when he has put on his clothes. Also, perhaps, he was already somewhat recovered of the blow.

"I feel," he said, "as if I could now make some fight."

"It needs not," the Parson replied. "Talk not of fighting, but lean on me, and we will try to get down the stairs. Remember, it is your only chance to get out of the place before these fellows awake. I have, below, something that may revive you. Try now if you can stand."

He could, though with great difficulty. Surely never was there stranger figure than Jack at this moment. The ragged waistcoat was too tight to button round his chest; the corduroy breeches were too short for so tall a man, and showed his bare knees; the white silk stockings and the silver buckles ill-assorted with a dress so sordid; and, to crown all, one side of his head, where the Parson had partly washed it, showed his natural hair, with streaks of blood upon the neck; but the other side was powdered and tied back with black ribbon. But Jack thought little of his appearance.

"Good," said the Parson. "Now lean your hand upon my shoulder, and we will go slowly."

"I wish I was strong enough first to handcuff and make fast these rogues," said Jack.

"Come, Sir, your life is at stake, and mine too—if that mattered. Think not upon revenge."

"Aaron," said Jack, "my turn will come. As for revenge, I say not. I would not kill him; but tit-for-tat is fair. Easy, Aaron; easy. You would make me prisoner, and ship me for a recruit! Very well, Aaron, very well. I shall get my turn soon! Come, Parson, if that is what you wish to be called."

So this strange Parson supported him slowly and gently down the stairs and into the kitchen, where he found a chair for him, and set upon the table cold meat and bread, and poured from a jar a glass of rum.

"This," he said, "is not drugged. You can drink it without fear. Yet be moderate, for you are still weak. So, now eat a little, but not much, and then you shall go away in safety. But forget not to thank God, who hath delivered you from death and from a den where murders and villainies call aloud for the vengeance which will certainly fall upon it."

Who, thought Jack, would expect an exhortation to religion in a crimp's house?

As he ate and drank, his strength came back to him, although he still remained dizzy, and somewhat uncertain of step.

"Man," he said, when he had taken his supper, "who and what are you, and why do you live here among these people?"

"I came here because I am a villain, like my masters; and I stay here because, like them also, I have no other way of escaping the gallows. Is that reason enough?"

"They call you Parson; you wear a cassock; you talk like a scholar. What hath brought a scholar to such a place?"

"They may call me Bishop, if they please. I am the servant of these men. They say unto me 'Go,' and I go; or 'Come,' and I obey; if there be any greater degradation for a scholar than to live as cook and servant to fetch and carry drink for a crew of cut-throat crimps, I would fain know what it is. Methinks I would offer to exchange."

"Why," said Jack, "for the matter of an exchange, you might ship as purser's mate and see how you like that; but hang me if I understand how a clergyman should get to such a place."

Jack now considered his rescuer more carefully. He was a young man not more than five or six and twenty; his cassock was not old, but it was battered and stained with grease; his shoes had no buckles, but were tied with string and were down at heel; his wig was not one which consorted with his sacred calling, being nothing better than an old 'prentice's bob minor, short in the neck, in order to show the buckle of the stock, and as old as any of the worn-out scratches, jemmies, and bob majors which the people fish for at a penny a dip in Petticoat-lane, and even a boy who blacks boots might scorn for the purposes of his trade; but his face was delicate and handsome—a face very far from the dissolute looks of the fellows up-stairs.

"Look ye, brother," said Jack, "you have saved my life. What can I do for thee?"

"Nothing," the Parson replied. "I am a lost rogue,

though not, I hope, beyond the reach of pardon, and you can do nothing, I thank you."

"Thou hast saved my life. Damme, rogue or not, take my hand. Nay," for the other hesitated, "I will have it. Give me thy hand. Now, then, we are brothers. What hast thou done?"

"It is true," he said, "that I am an ordained clergyman of the Church of England. Unworthy that I am, I may call myself a clerk in holy orders."

"I am in a very pretty rig for an officer in the King's service; but, hang me, if you are not in worse for a parson."

"Sir," the poor man began, with hanging head, "I lost my curacy by the death of my Rector, and I could get no other, nor any preferment at all, not even the smallest, having no interest and being unknown to any Bishop or private patron. Then I quickly spent my little stock—not, I can truthfully avow, in extravagance, or waste, or vicious courses; and I presently found that I had nothing left but one poor shilling. This I was unwilling to spend, and I walked about the streets picking up crusts or turnips that had been dropped into the gutter, until I became well-nigh desperate. Sir, you see before you a common footpad. Dressed as I was in the cassock of my profession, I ventured to stop a gentleman in the street, and to demand his money or his life."

"Did he give you his money?"

"No. He turned out to be a man of courage—a thing which I had not looked for. Therefore, he drew his sword, and I fled, he running after me, crying 'Stop thief! Stop thief!' I escaped, and got home unperceived, as I thought, to my lodging. Never again shall I hear that cry without a knife piercing my heart. The next day I went to the nearest coffee-house, meditating death by my own hands. It is a terrible thing to be a suicide, but worse is it to live among these rogues. I fell in with the Captain, as they call him, the owner of this house and another like it in Chancery-lane. He, perceiving my trouble, accosted me, and presently brought me here and gave me strong drink, under which I told him all."

"But why do you stop here against your will?"

"Because, alas! the Hue and Cry is out after me. In some way—I know not how—the gentleman I thought to rob found means to know my name. If I venture forth I shall be arrested, and presently hanged. For that I must not complain, because the punishment might be taken mercifully in atonement for my offence. But there are others—here he choked, and the tears came into his eyes.

He drew a paper from his pocket, and gave it to Jack. It was a piece of a Gazette.

"Last evening we hear that a robbery was attempted about ten o'clock in Chancery-lane by a man dressed as a clergyman, who stopped a gentleman and demanded his money or his life, but, being confronted by a drawn sword, ran away. The villain succeeded in escaping, but will, it is hoped, be discovered, the gentleman being confident that he knows who he is, and can swear to him."

"How long ago was this?"

"It is now six months. I have entreated the Captain to ship me with the rest, but he will not, saying that he hath never before had in the house a servant who would neither steal nor drink."

"Six months. Why, man, a hue and cry that is six months old! Courage! Tell me thy name."

The poor man made a clean breast of all, telling him his name, and trusting him, in short, with his neck. But no one could converse with Jack, or look into his face, without trusting him. As for his name, it must not be set down. For the man who had thus sunk to the lowest ignominy was presently enabled to return to his own station and his sacred profession, no one knowing aught of what had happened. Not only did he resume his ministry, but he obtained a curacy, and in time received preferment, being now the Incumbent of a London church, and greatly beloved for his devotion, eloquence, and learning; so that it is thought by many that, if promotion goes by merit, he may soon become a Bishop. And, since no one knows, except myself, this episode of his early manhood, let the thing remain for ever a secret.

"And now," said the clergyman, "the time is getting on. Go, while the way is clear. Go, Sir. And forget this vile house and the unhappy men that are in it."

"As for forgetting the house," said Jack, "you shall see how I will forget the house."

"You must go away dressed as you are, because I would not be suspected. Wherefore I shall leave the door unlocked and unbarred. Here is a cudgel for you, but you will not need it. All the rogues of Wapping—whose name is Legion—are asleep at this hour. Go then, and remember, that never, even in battle, will you be nearer unto death than you have been this night."

He opened the door, which was carefully locked and bolted, and set the prisoner free. Then leaving the door unlocked, as if it had been left so by the escaping captive, the Parson crept up-stairs to his own pallet.

It was now past three o'clock in the morning, and still quite dark. The cold air made Jack shiver in his rags, but it revived and refreshed him. He looked up and down the street. There were no passengers at that hour save the market gardeners' carts, which were already lumbering along, filled with vegetables, to the markets of the Fleet and Covent Garden; the rest of the world was still sleeping. Then he surveyed the house carefully.

"Forget this house, quoth his reverence? I shall first forget Aaron Fletcher."

It was too dark to observe particularly any distinguishing marks. There was no sign hung out. The ground floor was lower than the street, and the upper storey, which projected two feet and more, and looked as if it was going to fall at any moment, had thick bars outside the windows. "I shall know the house again," said Jack, "by the bars. And now, gentlemen, sleep on and dream—I wish you pleasant dreams—until I come back, which will be, I take it, before you have yet awakened."

(To be continued.)

Earl Spencer distributed the prizes to the successful students of the Science and Art School at Northampton on Thursday week.

The Marquis of Londonderry made his official entry as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland into Dublin last Saturday. A loyal address was presented to his Excellency at Kingstown by the Commissioners of the township. The Viceregal progress through Dublin was received with cheers, intermingled with hisses in some parts; but everywhere cheers greeted the Marchioness.

Rioting broke out again on Sunday night in Belfast. The police arrested two drunken men who were fighting, and conveyed them to barracks, when a furious crowd attacked the barracks, and were fired upon by the police. Two persons were killed, and several were severely injured.—Renewed rioting occurred on Monday. There was a good deal of stone-throwing, and several arrests were made.—Some attempts were made to resume rioting on Tuesday, which were, however, promptly suppressed by the military and police.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The great servant question has been forcing itself to the front during the last week or two. First, there is the young lady who has confessed that, having quarrelled with her fellow-servant, she rushed to the bottles labelled "poison," in her master's surgery, and poured stuff out of some of them into the tea, and out of others into the milk, with the amiable intention, not of poisoning her master's mother-in-law, but of getting the other servant into trouble. Then there is the case of a servant-girl discharged from one situation for dishonesty, but given a good character for honesty, and detected in theft at her new place. Then a bewildered housewife, having the courage to give her address (or should I say the ingenuity to obtain a free advertisement?) writes to a London daily paper to bewail that she cannot obtain either a housemaid or a page, though she has freely spent her money on announcements of the advantages of her place, and though the situation (in the mistress's opinion, at all events) is a very good one. Finally, a writer in a lady's paper recently said that she wished to find a place as general servant for a deaf and dumb woman, who is "quick at comprehending signs"; and the following week the same lady declared that she has been overwhelmed with applications from mistresses for the services of this peculiar "general," who can neither hear nor talk—neither answer the door nor gossip.

With regard to the character for honesty given to the thievish servant, the Judge, in passing sentence, made some very strong remarks on the conduct of the mistress who had given the false character. Such conduct is, indeed, most reprehensible. If ladies would make a practice of invariably telling the precise truth about a servant, it would be the greatest possible check on misdoing. But servants of a bad disposition only too early find out that many mistresses will give them "a character" that will enable them to get another place, however bad their conduct may in fact have been. Some ladies act thus out of a mistaken view of what benevolence demands. "I wouldn't keep the poor thing, bad though she be, from earning her bread," they say, sympathetically. But they forget that by helping the bad servant into a place they are probably keeping a good domestic out of that situation. If the difference which in fact exists between a good and a bad servant be concealed in answering their references, a cruel injustice is done to these of the better class, who are thus prevented from reaping the just reward of their diligence, honesty, and ability. Other ladies give too favourable characters out of sheer indolence or cowardice. They are afraid of the servants bringing some action against them, as the late Duchess of Westminster's maid did when her Grace had fairly stated the truth about the young woman. Or they dread even the discharged servants reappearing at the house to abuse or to whine before the hard-hearted mistress who has told the truth about their delinquencies. But if ladies will not be honest with one another, they must blame themselves for the multiplication of bad servants. A character honestly given—that is, rendered in good faith from the late to the proposed employer of any servant—is "privileged," as the lawyers say, and a lady incurs no risk in telling the truth. On the other hand, it ought to be very widely known that to give a false character subjects a mistress to prosecution. Heavy damages could, for instance, be obtained by the employer whose goods were stolen from the one who, knowing the girl to be a thief, said that she was honest. It might be useful if mistresses giving false characters were to be prosecuted sometimes by those whom they had misled. I am convinced that the knowledge that an accurate character would always be given would be in itself an invaluable check on idle, pilfering, and incompetent servants.

The scarcity of domestics revealed by the other incidents mentioned is an undoubted fact. At the very time that we are being asked to aid in the emigration of surplus women, and are being called upon to pity the poor needlewomen of the metropolis toiling the livelong day for a wretched pittance too small to provide adequately the mere necessities of existence—at that very time good food, warmth, shelter in nice houses, and a reasonable amount of pocket-money are being fruitlessly offered in return for comparatively light toil. Why is this? Why do girls prefer being jam-makers, or box-makers, or needlewomen, and starving by inches after prolonged toil at such occupations, instead of accepting comfort and good wages as domestic servants? I was sitting on the platform at a public meeting last winter, when a lady sitting beside me rose and gave a pathetic account of girls under her charitable notice earning only nine shillings weekly by stitching from six one morning till one the next. At that very time, I was vainly advertising for an expert needlewoman, to come to do the stitching of my home, and a few light domestic duties, in return for which she would have a comfortable home and nearly nine shillings a week in addition. When the lady resumed her seat beside me, I quietly asked her, in her ear, why this class of girls did not go to service? She replied, with considerable and unnecessary tactiness, that they had neither the clothes nor the knowledge to do so. But I did not find this answer sufficient. Can any of my readers help me to solve the problem why girls will not go to service?

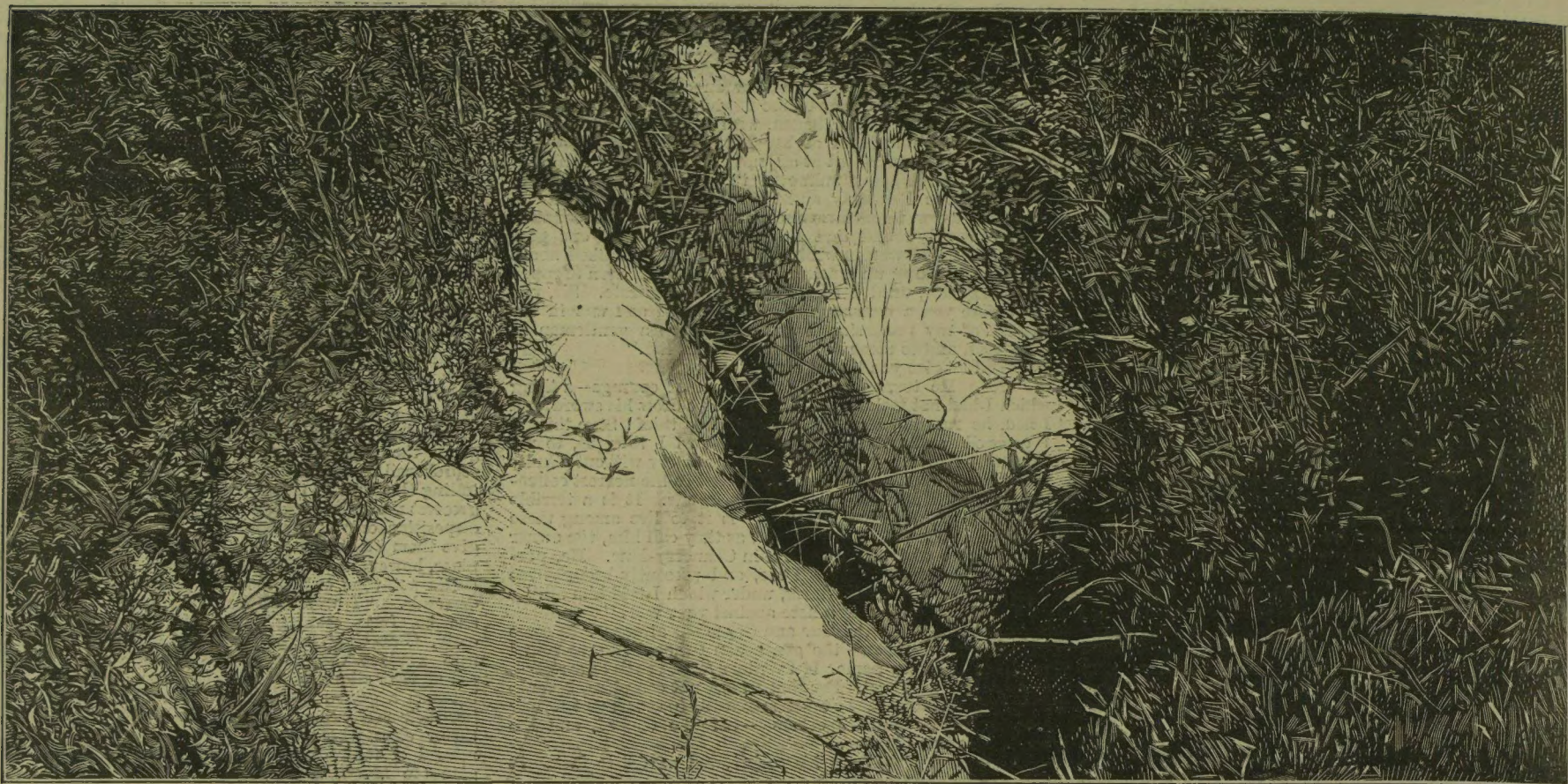
The alterations in the laws about women which have been made in recent years have produced one real grievance for husbands. The Married Women's Property Act of 1882 removed a wife's possessions entirely from her husband's control. Whatever she had on her marriage, and whatever she might earn or inherit during marriage, was by that Act declared to be her own separate property, over which her husband had no authority. Of course, corresponding obligations were laid upon wives. It was enacted that they should be capable of suing and subject to being sued with regard to their separate property, just as though they were single women. But the Income Tax Commissioners have refused to recognise this change in the law. The Income Tax Acts ordain that the property of a married woman shall, for the purposes of taxation, be reckoned with her husband's, and he shall be liable for the tax on the whole. This is really a shocking injustice. A wife may refuse to let her husband touch her money. She may put it in the bank, and decline even to bear any portion of the household expenses. She may will it away from him on her death. Yet this money is "reckoned as his," to compel him to pay tax for its possession. A certain impecunious younger son of a noble house died bankrupt the other day. His wife was a very rich woman, who refused to pay his £12,000 of debts out of her full purse. That bankrupt husband was legally liable for the income tax on his wife's annual thousands!

The reason given by the Income Tax Commissioners is that Acts of Parliament relating to the powers of the Crown (such as that under which they are authorised to demand the inquisitorial impost) are not amended or affected by general legislation; that, to change such Acts, it is necessary for Parliament to specifically amend them; and that the Married Women's Property Act, being couched in general terms, did not alter the earlier Income Tax Acts. There seems some doubt whether this claim of the Commissioners would be upheld by a Court; but nobody has ventured to try the experiment yet. Meantime, a member of Parliament has promised to take up the matter.

F. F. M.



## THE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.



EARTH FISSURE ON THE LINE OF THE CHARLESTON AND SAVANNAH RAILROAD.  
PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. E. WILSON.

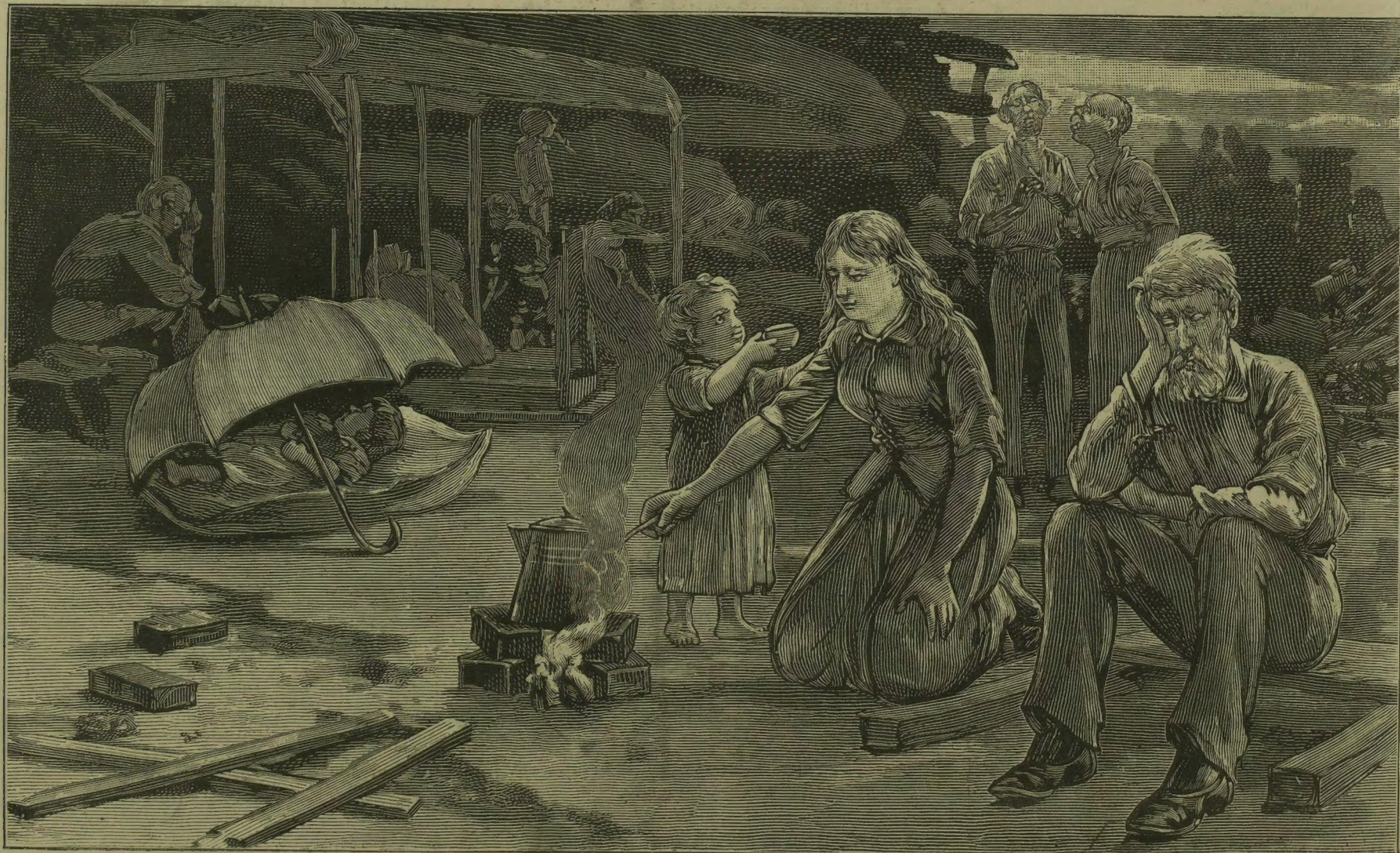
## THE RECENT EARTHQUAKES.

A month has passed since the beginning of the series of destructive earthquakes that have caused much loss of life and great distress, both on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic coast of North America. But the accounts of these disasters hitherto published are still too imperfect and uncertain for a clear determination of the manner in which they originated. The southern peninsula of Greece, the Morea or Peloponnesus, with some of the Ionian Islands, was visited by a severe earthquake about midnight on Friday, Aug. 27, when it was also felt in Southern Italy, and was accompanied or followed by the volcanic eruption on the isle of Galita, between the north coast of Africa and Sardinia. It was four days afterwards, on Tuesday, the 31st, about ten o'clock at night, that a portion of the Southern States of America, between the Alleghany mountain range and the Atlantic, comprising South Carolina and Georgia, was affected with a shock of greater violence, which was felt slightly in the interior region, north-west of the Alleghanies, as far as Lake Michigan.

Scientific men are not agreed in opinion whether these distant convulsions had a common origin; if they had, it might have been expected that the earthquake, travelling westward from Greece and Italy, would have been perceptible in Algeria and Morocco, in the Straits of Gibraltar, and in the Azores and the Bermudas, which was not the case. Slight shocks were, indeed, felt at Malaga and at Antiquera, in Spain, but only on the night of the Charleston earthquake. Nor does there seem to have been any great sea wave crossing the Atlantic in those days, which has happened, though not invariably, on similar occasions; the great earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, thus sent a wave to America in nine and a half hours; and the great earthquake of Peru, in May, 1877, produced such an effect on all the opposite coasts of the Pacific, from New Zealand in the south to Japan and Kamtschatka in the north. The sea, however, with its tides and currents, and its liability to atmospheric disturbances and to variations of density, affords but an uncertain medium for the communication and exhibition of subterranean disturbances. Earthquakes on the eastward coasts of a continent or of islands have often taken place without any such great flood

wave of the sea as those on the western coast of South America. It may possibly be, after all, a mere coincidence that the earthquake in Greece and that in South Carolina happened within a few days of each other, since no traces of intermediate connecting action have been reported. The remarks of the lecturer and speakers at the Birmingham Congress of the British Association did not throw any light upon this subject, while the scientific men of America were at first disposed to regard the disturbance of the earth on their side as a mere local landslip. It is, however, now recognised as a true earthquake, with shocks of the usual character, attended with signs of volcanic action, fissures opening in the earth, and emitting steam and hot water and mud.

The deplorable havoc made by the earthquake in the city of Charleston has been described in our Journal; and we now present some illustrations of the ruins of several of the public buildings, St. Michael's Church, St. Philip's Church, the Medical College, the Hibernian Hall, the Guard-house, one of the newspaper offices, and a house in Broad-street; but there are hundreds of buildings in a more or less ruined condition, and it is said that the greater part of the private dwellings are



CAMPING OUT AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.





THE ALDERSHOTT MILITARY MANŒUVRES: A FLYING COLUMN PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE.



unfit or unsafe for habitation. Thousands of families were obliged to quit their shattered and tottering abodes, and to pass several nights in the open air, with little or no shelter, before some kind of encampment could be provided for them. Their distress was very great; but it may be hoped that the efforts of the numerous relief committees, superintended by Mr. Courtney, the Mayor of Charleston, with funds subscribed in the United States and also in England (the Lord Mayor of London having opened a subscription here), will have served to mitigate the sufferings of the population, both white people and negroes. The sketch, furnished by a Correspondent, of one of the singular fissures in the earth before alluded to, on the line of the Charleston and Savannah Railway, will perhaps be interesting to those who study volcanic phenomena. The number of lives lost was nearly a hundred, and five thousand people were left destitute.

It seems to be an opinion generally approved that earthquakes, though sometimes occasioned by other causes, perhaps by extensive sinkings of the earth's crust, or by expansions of one part or contractions of another, either from sudden variations of external temperature or of aqueous or atmospheric pressure, or from changes in the internal condition of the semi-fluid mass of substance beneath the surface of the earth, are frequently due to the admission of water, through fissures opening in the lower strata of rock, or by gradual percolation, so that it comes into contact with a focus of volcanic action. The water is then converted into steam, which becomes overheated and powerfully explosive, bursts upwards, lifting, shaking, and often cracking the land surface, and may well throw up, as it did the other day in New Zealand, quantities of boiling water, mud, ashes, and stones; but the latter class of phenomena are chiefly observed in volcanic regions inland, as recently at Tarawera and Lake Rotomahana. Some remarks upon the subject will be found in one of the recently published volumes of Messrs Kegan Paul and Co.'s International Scientific Series, a treatise on "Earthquakes and Other Earth Movements," by Professor John Milne, of the Japanese Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio. He states that the majority of explosions, presumably of steam from water finding its way down to the heated rocks in the interior portion of the earth's crust, take place beneath the sea, and earthquakes are most violent at or near the sea-coast. We would add the observation that, in the Lake District of New Zealand, from the great elevated reservoir in Lake Taupo, nearly 1200 ft. above the sea-level, there seems to be an enormous pressure of water through subterranean channels, by which the ground of a large district for nearly two hundred miles must be thoroughly saturated, while the existence of subterranean fires is proved by the abundance of hot springs, often impregnated with sulphur. The ground must be softened by this excess of moisture, heated as it is, to a very great depth; and when, as at Tarawera this year, much of the water has reached the focus of volcanic fire, there is a sudden blow-up, apparently not at all connected with the sea.

In the case of the late earthquake on the south-western shores of Greece, which destroyed the towns of Pyrgos, Filiatra, Catacolo, and Gargaliano killing about five hundred people, we hear of a submarine volcanic centre being discovered thirty miles south of the island of Zante. The communication of the subterranean disturbance, as it were by underground water-pipes or steam-pipes, from the sea to the neighbouring land, would be one of the most important facts to be considered. It has been known from ancient times that some of the rivers of Western Greece disappear running underground, which is referred to in the classic fable of Alpheus and Arethus, connecting their final destination with the waters of Sicily. The mysterious alterations in the flow of certain streams and fountains in that country have been proverbial, but are readily to be explained by the existence of hidden passages in the limestone rock, possibly extending far westward beneath the Ionian Sea. At the water-mill near Argostoli, shown in Major W. Guise Tucker's Sketch, there is a stream of this capricious character which, like others in the western part of Greece, has been curiously affected by processes of Nature connected with the late earthquake. Water, if it were carefully observed, might tell us a great deal more than we yet know respecting the solid crust of the earth and its fiery or molten contents, over which we live, as Professor Milne quaintly says, "on the loosely-fitting lid of a large cauldron," shaken now and then, or even scalded, by the internal ebullition.

## MILITARY MANŒUVRES AT ALDERSHOTT.

The country around Aldersholt has, in the past six weeks, been made the scene of frequent military movements and exercises of mimic warfare. Early in August, while some battalions of Volunteers were assembled there for the period of annual training, the regular troops stationed in the North Camp were combined with the Volunteers in performances of this kind. On the 16th of last month the troops at the South Camp under command of Major-General Cooper, to the number of 5000 or 6000, went through the manœuvres of a supposed action, to the south of the Basingstoke Canal and beyond the Farnham road. They were divided into an attacking force, under Colonel Davidson, of the Yorkshire Regiment, and a defending force, under Colonel Stokes, of the 2nd Inniskillings, with the idea that an enemy was advancing from the West of England to capture Guildford. Again, a week or two afterwards, the regulars and Volunteers were combined in an engagement to dispute possession of the southern end of the Fox Hills, the commanders of each force respectively being Major-Generals Dunne and the Hon. W. H. Feilding. On Wednesday last week, the 15th inst., a flying column, the second formed this season, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Coke, marched out of the North Camp, with its transport and ammunition carts, extending nearly a mile in length. It marched over Cove-common, through Farnborough, Frimley, and Camberley, a distance of eight miles, to Barrosa-common, where its camp was pitched for the night. The next day's march was from Barrosa-common, through Blackwater, Hawley, and Cove, manœuvring against a supposed enemy to get possession of Belmoor and Norris bridges, which were secured and crossed, and the flying column encamped that night in Cocked Hat Wood, Bowley Bottom, where provisions were sent from Aldersholt. On Friday, at half-past five in the morning, Colonel Coke had his troops on the alert, and led them to Pirbright-common, the appointed rendezvous, where Major-General Cooper divided them into two opposing forces. The one, destined for the representation of the attack, consisted of two regiments of cavalry, two battalions of field artillery, and five battalions of infantry; the defending force, under Major-General Dunne, was composed of two regiments of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, and two infantry battalions. This force was in position on Romping Down, while the other was supposed to be retiring in the direction of Woking, with intent to fall back on Chertsey; and, as it came over Normandy-common and Stanford-common, it was encountered by Colonel Dunne's force, with which a brief engagement took place at noon. Lord Wolseley was a spectator of the action; and the official umpire, Major-General Feilding,

will make his report upon it. The troops returned, in the afternoon, to the rendezvous on Pirbright-common. Another set of manœuvres was executed on Tuesday week, in the Long Valley at Aldersholt, between two forces opposed to each other, under command, respectively, of Major-General Feilding and Colonel Sir Howard Elphinstone—one coming from the north, Frimley and Farnborough; the other from Woking, from the east, and contending for the high ground about Caesar's Camp.

In London last week 2589 births and 1403 deaths were registered.

A beautiful stained glass window placed by Mrs. Belcher, of Mayfield, in St. Bartholomew's Church, Ruswarp, to the glory of God and the memory of her beloved husband, was dedicated by the Vicar, the Rev. James Dingle, on Sunday, the 12th inst. Messrs. Mayer and Co. were the artists.

Sir F. Bramwell, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, gave his opening address on Monday week. Taking "Our Big Guns" for his subject, he claimed that substantial progress was being made in this country in the construction of guns; and that, compared with Germany, France, and Italy, we were well to the front.

## MARRIAGE.

On the 21st inst., at St. Anne's, Soho, by the Rev. A. Wellesley Batson, Mus. Bac., Oxon (late Succentor of St. Anne's), assisted by the Rev. Nugent Wade, M.A., Rector (Canon of Bristol), Sidney John Dicksee, to Faith Ethel, second daughter of James S. Burroughes, Esq., M.L.S.B., of Oakhurst Court, Godstone, Surrey, and of 9, Fitzroy-square, W.

## DEATH.

On the 14th inst., at Penrhyn, Westgate-on-Sea, Marguerite, infant daughter of Carleton and May Blyth, aged 8 weeks.

\*<sup>s</sup>\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

**JEPHTHAH'S VOW**, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE VALE OF TEARS.**—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

**FAUST.**—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten till Five. Seats booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

**STRAND.**—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Immense Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE RIVALS, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance of THE RIVALS, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. Triumphant and Unqualified Success of the **MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS'** NEW AND SPARKLING ENTERTAINMENT. Produced on the occasion of their entering upon their Twenty-second Consecutive Year at the St. James's Hall, on 8th Sept. 20. See the "Times," "Telegraph," "Standard," "Daily News," "Chronicle," "Morning Post," and "Morning Advertiser" of Sept. 21. The present Programme will therefore be repeated EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, and on every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE O'CLOCK also. Mr. G. W. Moore's Marvellous and Startling Disappearance Act at every Performance. ALTOGETHER THE VERY BEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Tickets and places can be obtained daily from 9.30 till 6 at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description. Entenils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s. Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

**MONTE CARLO.**—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Comique Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

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**GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.**—SEASIDE.—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills. London, September, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

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Sept. 27	Dep. 11 50 a.m.	Dep. 11 55 a.m.	Arr. 11 45 p.m.		
" 28	" 1 0 p.m.	" 1 5 p.m.	" 12 30 mid.		
" 29	" 7 0 a.m.	" 7 25 a.m.	" 6 40 p.m.		
" 30	" 7 30 "	" 7 35 "	" 6 40 "		

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**MARGATE and RAMSGATE, from LONDON BRIDGE WHARF.**—LAST DEPARTURE OF THE SEASON.—Steamers leave London for Margate and Ramsgate, on FRIDAY, at Eleven a.m., calling at Blackwall Pier. Returning from Ramsgate at Eleven a.m., and Margate about noon, Saturday. Single fares—Saloon, 5s.; Fore Cabin, 4s.; Children under Twelve years of age, 2s. 6d. Notice.—The Service will cease with the departure from London of Friday, the 24th inst., and from Ramsgate and Margate of Saturday, the 25th inst.

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## THE SILENT MEMBER.

The last week of the first brief Session of the present Parliament opened, it is safe to say, with an uncontrollable desire on the part of the Marquis of Salisbury and his pallid lieutenant in the House of Commons to seek those fresh woods and pastures new which had evidently given tone to Mr. Gladstone's system, and braced and embrowned the right hon. septuagenarian. The Lords met but to part again. The Commons had before them the crowning debate on Mr. Parnell's Irish Rent Bill. It proved to be a discussion in every way worthy the reputation of Parliament—as Mr. Speaker Peel would doubtless most readily acknowledge.

Mr. Parnell had an attentive audience on Monday. Cool and collected, as it is his habit to be, the blonde moustached and bearded chief of the Irish Home Rule Party rose from his commanding place on the third Opposition bench below the gangway to unfold his plan, in his usual calm, clear, quiet, business-like manner; the assiduous Secretary for Ireland and Mr. Gladstone being among his most eager listeners. Pretty sure of the issue of the division, Lord Randolph Churchill maintained his equanimity. Briefly put, Mr. Parnell's measure aimed, firstly, to empower the Land Commission to abate the rent of any tenant depositing half his rent, but unable to pay the remainder; secondly, to admit all leaseholders to the benefits of the Land Act of 1881; and, thirdly, to temporarily suspend ejectment proceedings, owing to the agricultural depression in Ireland. In support of this last provision, Mr. Parnell cited the sadly alarming fact that since June 30 "there have been 1037 families evicted, or 5311 souls." Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald rose from a corresponding position on the Ministerial side to forcibly oppose the bill, and move that it was "inexpedient at the present time to make any further alterations in the Irish land law"—an amendment cogently scented by Mr. C. Lewis, and supported by the Solicitor-General for Ireland.

With respect to the rest of the debate, Mr. Gladstone (still hoarse) on Monday vigorously advocated the merciful principle of Mr. Parnell's bill whilst objecting to details, and cited Lord Salisbury's reference to judicial rents and the appointment of the Royal Commission as virtual admissions of the need of the bill; Mr. Henry Matthews, in the first long speech he has made since his succession to the Home Secretaryship, exhibited his forensic skill and high oratorical capacity in a smart reply to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. John Morley, with characteristic earnestness, sided with the veteran Leader of the Opposition on Tuesday; the Marquis of Hartington stolidly dissented from Mr. Gladstone's views, but, while adverse to the bill, wisely counselled Irish landlords generally to follow the example of Lord Fitzwilliam, and voluntarily grant remission of rents; Dr. Wallace heartily indorsed the Parnellite remedy in an out-spoken maiden-speech; Sir Michael Hicks Beach incisively pointed out that the proposals of Mr. Parnell would inevitably lead to great litigation and delay, and the Irish Secretary, while relying on the Fabian policy of Commissions of Inquiry, ominously declared "the position of affairs in Ireland now is such that it may well be that we shall have to ask the House to empower us to deal with the situation at an earlier date than may be anticipated." Sir William Harcourt contributed one of his most slashing and animated speeches to the flaying of the self-styled Liberal "Unionist" allies of the Ministry; and Mr. John Dillon gloomily and perfervidly concluded the discussion with an emphatic warning of the consequences of extensive evictions, which will probably not be thrown away on Irish landlords. Finally, the second reading of Mr. Parnell's bill was negatived by a Conservative and Liberal-Unionist majority of 95—297 against 202—and Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald's amendment was agreed to.

The House of Lords met on Wednesday to receive the Appropriation Bill, and facilitate the early prorogation of Parliament. That Ministers will have to engrass themselves with legislative work after a brief holiday was made clear by Lord Randolph Churchill's promise on Wednesday week that the Government would "at the earliest opportunity" introduce measures designed to give Ireland greater control over the administration of local affairs; and by his Lordship's foreshadowing on Monday of the Lord Chancellor's land transfer and registration bills, and of a measure to shift the payment of tithes from occupiers to landlords.

On Tuesday the ninth congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain was opened at York.

It is announced that the fifth session of the evening classes for male and female pupils conducted by the School Board for London will begin next Monday evening, the 27th inst.

Miss Glyn (Mrs. E. S. Dallas) will resume the Shakespeare reading and elocution classes on Oct. 1 at her residence, 13, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

The Rev. Canon Dowden, recently chosen Bishop of Edinburgh, was consecrated on Tuesday in St. Mary's Cathedral. Afterwards Dr. Jermy, Bishop of Brechin, was elected Primus and successor to the late Bishop Eden of Moray and Ross.

It is announced that the Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter, vacant through the appointment of Professor Jayne to the Vicarage of Leeds, has been conferred upon the Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, second son of the Bishop of Liverpool.

"Colonel" Ballington Booth, son of a "General" Booth, was married to Miss Maud Elizabeth Charlesworth, at the Clapton Congress Hall, on the 16th inst. In the evening there was a large gathering of the Salvation Army to take farewell of "General" Booth, who is about to visit America.

The shrievalty liveries for the Sheriffs elect and the Under Sheriff designate are now open to public inspection at the establishment of Messrs. Samuel Brothers, 65 and 67, Ludgate-hill. The work and the quality of the materials appear to be alike excellent.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have issued the *English Illustrated Magazine*, 1885-6. It contains, in a handsomely-bound volume, serial tales and numerous articles on various subjects, conveying information on divers points of interest. The illustrations are carefully executed.

Mrs. Girling, the founder and head of a strange religious community, settled at Hordle, on the borders of the New Forest, died last Saturday. As she had told her followers that she would never die, this event has been a great shock to the faith of the twelve women and eight men who are all that remained to her.

The Bishop of Llandaff is to preach on board the mission-ship at Cardiff to seamen and their families at the harvest thanksgiving service to-morrow (Sunday), the 26th inst., at the request of the Missions to Seamen chaplain. This society has three chaplains and three readers in the Llandaff diocese, furnished with a mission-ship, a mission-yacht, and three institutes, and is building a handsome church and institute for sea-going men at Newport. The Missions to Seamen took its rise in the Llandaff Diocese, fifty-one years ago, in Penarth Roadstead.

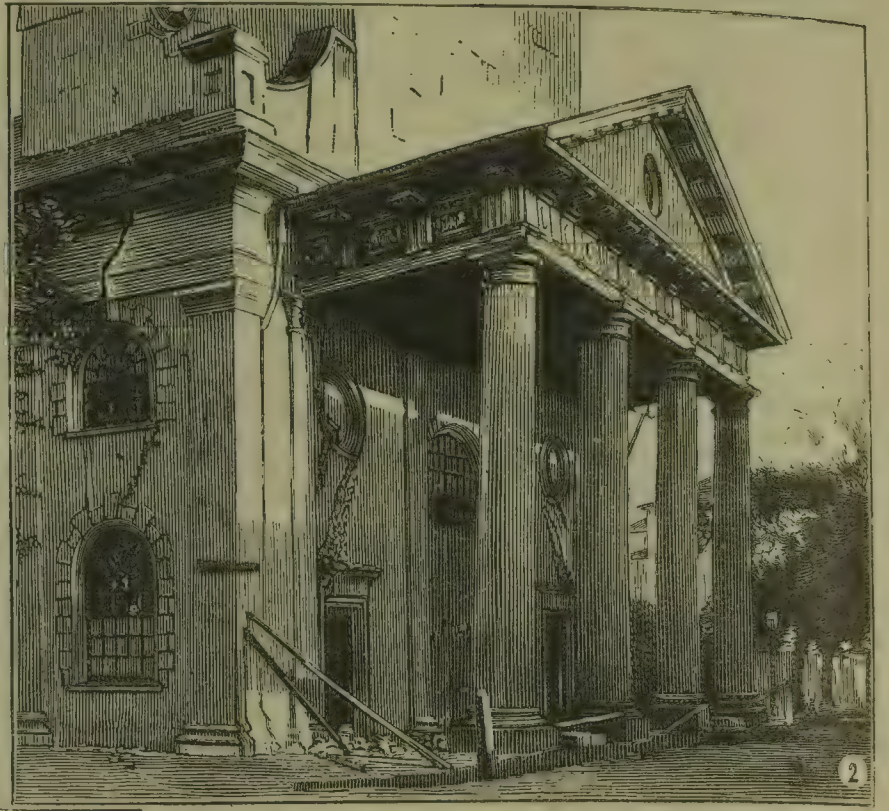


Here hath been dawning another blue day.  
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?"

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CORYDON.



PHYLLIS.



## CORYDON AND PHYLLIS.

Rustic boys and girls in England, as a general rule, are not baptised with classical Greek or Latin names; though in the county of Clare, it would appear from the title of a recent interesting story by the Hon. Miss Lawless, "Hurrish," the Irish corruption of "Horatius," is a likely name for the parish priest to confer upon one of the local peasantry. The two young persons whom our Artist has prettily drawn, one sitting on a stile and sounding his rattle to drive away the birds from the corn-field, the other, a neat and brisk little girl, carrying a basket of food and jar of cider to her father among the reapers, may bear the names of Jack and Mary Ann. Nevertheless, we are induced by the literary traditions of the bucolic Muse, from Theocritus and Virgil downward, to call to mind the graceful, imaginary figures of those antique swains and engaging lasses of Arcadia or Sicily, whom the Mantuan bard transferred to the reedy banks of the Mincio, celebrating them in his musical Eclogues. "Corydon" and "Phyllis," to be sure, in the rural districts of Northern Italy under the Emperor Augustus, might have been sought as much in vain as in modern Gloucestershire or Berkshire; but the elegant fancy of the poet was indulged, like that of Pope or of Thomson, in framing idyllic pictures of pastoral life with a flavour of

classical allusions. There is more than one Corydon in these Virgilian poems; but the youth to whom we must refer is the goatherd and songster of the Seventh Eclogue, who competes with Thyrsis, the shepherd, in alternately chanting the praises of different subjects. Corydon, it may be remembered, goes so far in his admiration of Phyllis as to declare that the hazel-bush, which she likes best, is a finer plant than the vine of Bacchus, the myrtle of Venus, Apollo's laurel, or the stately poplar-tree sacred to the great Alcides. We hope Phyllis could appreciate this hyperbolic absurdity when it was reported and explained to her, next day, by the judicious Melibœus; but as for the English country girl in our Artist's drawing, she goes to the parish school, where they teach her the Church Catechism, no doubt, and how "to do her duty in that state" to which she is called by her birth and social position. As for the Corydon of this prosaic age, his present life is depicted in Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," and the most romantic possibility before him is to go for a soldier; while the best that we can desire for him is settlement on a freehold plot of land in Manitoba, or somewhere between Wanganui and Taranaki, in New Zealand. The future prospects, indeed, of the rising generation of our agricultural labourers, when Corydon and Phyllis grow old enough to want to get married, become a very serious consideration.

## "THE GALLANT LANCER."

Our Extra Supplement is a reproduction of Mr. R. C. Woodville's drawing, which represents a pleasant little scene at the door of a village inn, where a brisk cavalry soldier, refreshing himself with a draught of wholesome ale, has a word of compliment to say to the handsome barmaid. It is the privilege of the military profession, in all ages and countries, to make themselves agreeable to the fair sex in this free and easy manner; but the young woman in the present instance seems disposed to affect more shyness than might be expected under ordinary circumstances; and she is perhaps aware of being jealously watched by somebody inside the open doorway. She may, indeed, be the daughter or young wife of the innkeeper, who has had occasion to know that the soldiers are passing through the village, and has put her on her good behaviour; it is difficult otherwise to account for the conscious air of embarrassment with which she receives an honest and innocent expression of natural admiration. But as we cannot overhear what is being said, or look into the secrets of the heart, it will be safer to let these figures tell their own story; and when, in another minute, the gallant Lancer rides away, he will soon have forgotten the wayside encounter, as she will do, if she be a wise young woman, before the close of day.

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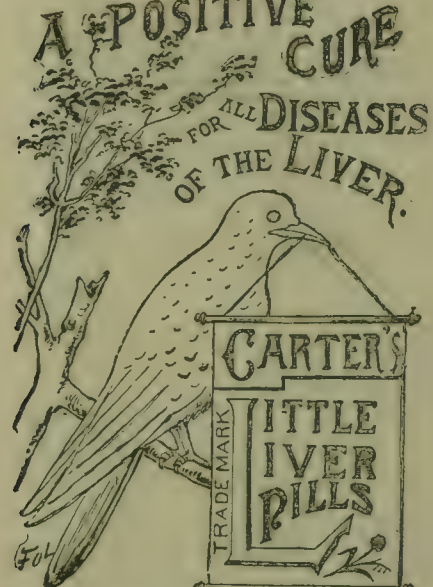
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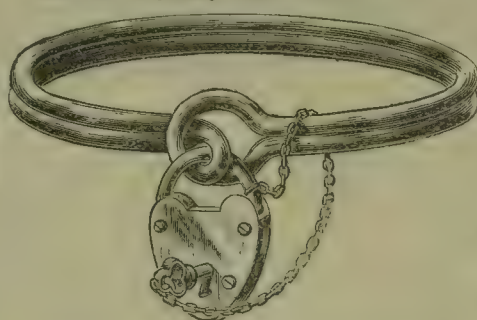
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# INDIAN COLONIAL AND EXHIBITION

## BRITISH GUIANA

WEST INDIES, AND BRITISH HONDURAS.

THE PERPETUATION OF THE EXHIBITION in the acceptable form of a Colonial and Indian Institute has, from the moment the idea was suggested, been warmly approved by the *Illustrated London News*. This Imperial idea has now every promise of being brilliantly realised. The Prince of Wales, as originator and Executive President, has written to the Lord Mayor to urge that the wonderfully comprehensive and instructive Colonial and Indian Exhibition should be made permanent, as a national memorial of the Jubilee of her Majesty's beneficent reign. His Royal Highness says, with truth and force, in this letter to the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, that—"Such an institution would, it seems to me, be singularly appropriate to the occasion, for it would illustrate the progress already made during her Majesty's reign in the Colonial and Indian Dominions, while it would record year by year the development of the Empire in the arts of civilisation. It would thus be deeply interesting to her Majesty's subjects, both within and beyond these islands, and would tend to stimulate

emigration to those British territories where it is required, to expand the trade between the different British communities, and to draw closer the bonds which unite the Empire. It would be at once a museum, an exhibition, and the proper locality for the discussion of Colonial and Indian subjects."

The Lord Mayor's promptitude in offering his "heartiest co-operation and aid in the formation of the proposed Imperial Institute of the Colonies and India, as the memorial of her Majesty's jubilee by her subjects," aptly interpreted what we believe to be the general desire of the vast majority of people who have thoughtfully examined the handsome courts of the Exhibition. His Lordship has readily opened at the Mansion House a fund for subscriptions towards this praiseworthy object. We trust, in the words of the Lord Mayor, there will be "an universal desire to give expression in a suitable and, if possible, adequate way to the deep attachment, veneration, and loyalty which the Queen's subjects in all parts of her vast dominions entertain for a Sovereign whose long and illustrious reign has been productive, under Providence, of many blessings to her people."

### A RAMBLE THROUGH THE BRITISH GUIANA COURT.

Westward Ho! Rambling southward from the eastern gallery, one makes the quickest of trips from Hong-Kong to British Guiana—the little colony facing the Atlantic on the mainland of the north-east of South America, wrested from the Dutch and occupied by Great Britain, and possessing, at the end of 1885, a population of upwards of 270,000, exclusive of 349 troops in garrison, and 583 seamen in the ports of Georgetown and New Amsterdam. These figures are gleaned from the lucid notes contributed to the special catalogue by Mr. G. H. Hawtayne, C.M.G., F.R.G.S., the Administrator-General of British Guiana, and Executive Commissioner for the colony at the Exhibition.

The Rambler is at once made aware of the wealth of British Guiana in timber by the massive beams of the brown Cirouaballi and deep red Saradani, which form the entrance to the little court, and likewise by the telegraph poles of native wood above, and the fine slats from various trees within



NATIVE HOUSE, BRITISH GUIANA.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: BRITISH GUIANA, WEST INDIES, AND BRITISH HONDURAS.

Mr. Hawtayne says the woods commonly used in British Guiana for building are Greenheart, Mora, and Wallaba; crab-wood being most in request for furniture. According to the same competent authority, the heartwood of these timbers is "almost everlasting," the beams of old houses lasting good for over a hundred years, in the most unfavourable circumstances of a tropical climate, and in a country infested with wood-ants and other vermin. As for the fine-grained and durable furniture woods, he is of opinion they can be supplied at a price which should facilitate their introduction to the cabinet-makers of Europe.

The chocolate-coloured native, wearing a fish-bone necklace, who stands on guard, as it were, immediately to the left on entering, is a typical aboriginal. Armed with bow and barbed arrow, he looks a formidable sentinel enough. The Red Indians, sole inhabitants of all but a narrow strip lying along the coast of British Guiana, are of many tribes; but they may be generally classified into two groups of Carib or non-Carib origin. The older inhabitants are the non-Carib tribes, the most important of which are the Warraus and Arawaks on the coast, and the Wapianans in the interior. The Macoosis, Arekoonas, Ackawois, and True Caribs, of which the Carib tribes are composed, represent later immigrations into British Guiana. All the natives alike live partly by hunting and fishing, to which the men devote themselves, and partly by agriculture, which is the women's work. The Indians are skilful hunters. Blow-pipes (as in Borneo) are the usual weapons of some tribes: through these they discharge small darts tipped with poison (ourali) with unerring aim. Arrows of different forms are used for special purposes—i.e., for shooting fish in shallow water, in running water, and in deep still water; for shooting birds, animals, and turtles. Their mode of shooting the last-named, by-the-way, is rather remarkable, the arrow being aimed not directly at the prey, but up in the air, so as to descend with greater force, and pierce the hard shield of the turtle.

The women plant cassava, weed it during the growth, and harvest it. In the preparation of bread from cassava, use is made of the matapie (to extract by pressure the poisonous juice of the cassava root), which Mr. Hawtayne deems ought to rank with the hammock as the two most ingenious inventions of South American savages. This peculiar mode of straining cassava is shown by one of the interesting models in the court, representing a native woman nursing her baby and sitting on the piece of wood which works the wicker strainer.

The natives who keep watch and ward at the southern end are in fête costume. Ordinarily, all the clothing worn by the Indians is a waist-cloth by the men, and a small bead apron by the women; but various ornaments, chiefly of bright feathers and bright seeds or beads, are worn by the men, especially during times of festivity. The games indulged in at these festivals are nearly always accompanied by much drinking of a liquor called piawarie, which is made by chewing burnt cassava-bread, and then allowing it to ferment in water. The natives are clever in the construction of boats and canoes, some specimens of which are exhibited. Their primitive houses are roofed with the leaves of the "trotlie" palm, and are generally open all round. They sleep in hammocks woven from cotton or the fibre of the Eta palm, as do their hunting dogs, in order to avoid the attack of the chigoe, which has a nasty habit of burrowing in the foot, causing painful lameness.

The picturesqueness of the interior of British Guiana may be realised from the series of admirable water-colour drawings hung on the walls. These are by Mr. J. G. Sawkins, F.G.S. Note the drawing of the Kaieteur Fall on the Potaro River, a tributary of the Essequibo. This is one of the grandest cataracts in the world, falling for 740 ft. in a perpendicular column into a basin, from which it flows in a sloping cataract, 80 ft. long, into the river bed, with a varying width of from 240 ft. to 360 ft. Mr. Sawkins also depicts the towering mountain Roraima, on the borders of Brazil. Roraima, which is between 8000 ft. and 9000 ft. above the level of the sea, was supposed to be inaccessible until it was scaled in the December of 1884 by Mr. im Thurn, whose interesting volume, "Among the Indians of Guiana," should be read by all who would become intimately acquainted with this possession of the Crown.

A rapid inspection of the fine collection of barks, of the rich store of Ballata, pronounced "superior to caoutchouc and gutta-percha," of the cocoa-nut oils, luxuriant fibres, and silk grass, of the seeds and models of fruit, of the bottled samples of rum (the manufacture of which is also typified by a pair

of huge vats), of the various sugars, including Demerara crystals, and of the stands of limes and other preserved fruits, will suffice to prove the natural wealth of the colony in products greatly in demand. As Mr. Hawtayne seasonably points out, to sum up, the staple products of British Guiana are "sugar, molasses, and rum, timber, shingles and charcoal," coffee and cocoa being also cultivated; iron abounds, both as specular ore and as brown and red hæmatite; and "there is a good deal of gold won by independent searchers, most of it in the shape of sand or small nuggets."

It was, doubtless, a pleasure to Mr. Edward F. im Thurn, M.A., the author of "Among the Indians of Guiana," to arrange the fine and varied ethnological collection exemplifying Indian manufactures and the native mode of living. These comprise models of Indian houses, cassava sieves and baskets, hammocks, gourds for preserving piawarie, calabashes, feather crowns of mules, and bead aprons of women, &c. Birds of brilliant plumage, butterflies of beautiful colours, and a variety of skins remind one that British Guiana is rich in birds, boasts lovely as well as stinging insects, and abounds in rodents, bush-hogs, monkeys, ant-bears, jaguars, pumas, racoons, opossums, alligators, lizards, snakes, and turtles. Very curious are the "Insect Homes" lent by Mr. G. Sanford Berbice, and the nests of Marabunta shown by Mr. G. Couchman.

Georgetown, the chief port of British Guiana, is appropriately painted over the southern entrance. Situated at the mouth of the Demerara river, it has a population of 49,211, and is of picturesque aspect, the wide streets, lined with trees, having canals in their centre, and the houses standing in ample gardens filled with bright flowers and foliage. The large barracks are at Eve Leary, facing the sea; and the Colonial hospital here contains 750 beds. Georgetown is kept well posted in affairs by two journals, the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Royal Gazette*, and by a weekly *Argosy*. The telegraph and telephone are used. Tramways run through the principal thoroughfares, which are lit by gas at night. Georgetown has two comfortable clubs; and a public-spirited Volunteer Corps. The superb steamers of the Royal Mail Steam Company call at the port every fortnight; and there is also frequent communication with the United Kingdom by means of the steamers of the "Direct" and "Regular" lines.

## MUSIC.

## WOLVERHAMPTON TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

As already announced by us, the Wolverhampton Triennial Festival took place last week, the performance having occurred too late for comment until now. "The Messiah," on the Thursday morning, included Madame Valleria, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists, the concert in the evening having opened with one of the new works commissioned for the festival—a cantata entitled "Astolat," composed by Dr. Swinnerton Heap, to a libretto written by Mr. Desmond L. Ryan, based on Sir Thomas Mallory's "Mort d'Arthur" and Tennyson "Idylls." Mr. Ryan states that he "has neither sought to preserve the legend in its pristine shape nor to follow it out in the manner adopted by Lord Tennyson. . . . It has simply been his purpose to compile a book full of opportunities for varied musical treatment." The cantata consists of two parts, each divided into

two scenes, respectively entitled "On the road to Camelot—afterwards Astolat," "The Lists at Camelot," "In the Hermit's Cell," and "Arthur's Palace"—the work commencing with a choral prologue. The characters in the supposed action are: Elaine, Guinevere, the Unknown Knight (Lancelot), Arthur, and Sir Bernard of Astolat; the music assigned thereto having been rendered, respectively, by Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. R. Grice, and Mr. W. Mills. Several numbers produced a favourable impression, the music being generally well written, both in its orchestral and its vocal details, but somewhat wanting in variety and contrast, considering the length of the work. The cantata may probably have to be spoken of in reference to its performance in London, when its composer will do well to abbreviate it.

On the closing day of the festival, yesterday (Friday) week, Dvorák's "Stabat Mater" was given in the morning, followed by Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor, and Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion." The solo vocalists in the first and last named works were Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills.

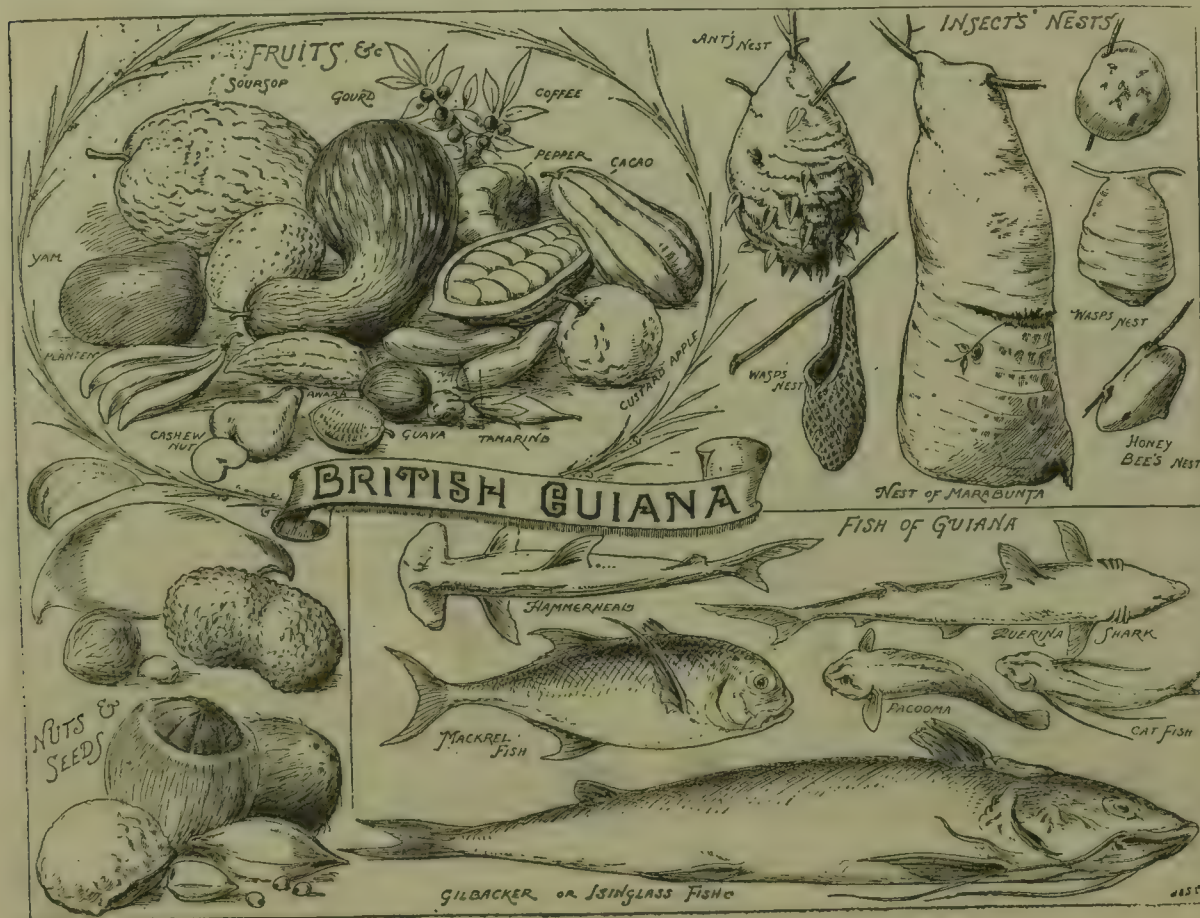
In the evening, the second festival novelty was produced. This also is a cantata, its title being "The Bridal of Triermain," the book being adapted from Scott's poem by the composer, Mr. F. Corder. The text is divided into two parts, each containing pieces for solo voices and chorus, a short choral introduction leading to a "Nocturne," in which the orchestra, as in other instances, is skilfully used. Although the text is narrative, Mr. Corder's music presents some instance of good dramatic effect, and he has sought to give unity by the use of representative themes. The effect produced by "The Bridal of Triermain" (conducted by the composer) affords good augury of the success of the opera by Mr. Corder, which is about to be produced at Mr. Carl Rosa's establishment. Of Mr. Corder's cantata we shall, no doubt, have to speak again in noticing its performance in London. Each of these new works was followed by a short miscellaneous selection in the Wolverhampton programme. Dr. Heap fulfilled the duties of conductor with care and intelligence.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts are pursuing a successful career, large audiences being attracted nightly. The classical selections on Wednesdays, and the extra programmes on Saturdays (six hours' music), draw crowded attendances.

A good deal of revision will be required before Paterson's *Guide to Switzerland* (W. Paterson, Edinburgh) can compete on equal terms with the guide-books to that popular playground which already hold the field. We have no intention to make any detailed criticism of the plan adopted by the editors; but there is something slightly incongruous in prefixing to a guide-book which at least has the merit of cheapness (it costs only one shilling) a list of hotels which certainly rank amongst the most expensive in the towns where they are situated. Other obvious blots on the book, which reduce its value as a guide, are probably due to carelessness: but in casually turning over the pages we have come upon the following strange perversions of spelling and nomenclature:—Val Tournache (page 117 *passim*), Suvoroff (p. 76), Carrace (p. 72), Nant Borrant (p. 107), Chapieux (p. 107), Misabel (p. 114), Majola (p. 139). The first and last instances cited are the least pardonable, for the misnomers are repeated throughout the routes described, and in the index. The omissions from so small a volume are naturally numerous; but one might have expected to find some allusion to St. Luc, in the Val d'Anniviers—a very much frequented resort, but in danger of being ere long forsaken for the newly-finished Weisshorn Hotel, above Vissoye, which combines nearly, if not quite, all the requirements of the health-seeker and the mountaineer.



NORTH ENTRANCE TO BRITISH GUIANA COURT.





There is the charm of the country, but not its utter solitude. The air is fresh, and the stars shine through no smoke; yet one feels that one is at a little centre of human life. The houses have clustered together just here for sympathy and mutual aid: one seems to hear the breathing of the sleepers— one is not too much alone, standing at midnight on a village green.

E. R.



## COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION: BRITISH GUIANA, WEST INDIES, AND BRITISH HONDURAS.

## A RAMBLE THROUGH THE WEST INDIES AND BRITISH HONDURAS.

No wonder the Queen and the Prince, the present and past Colonial Secretaries, and every visitor to the radiant West Indian and British Honduras Court (which immediately succeeds British Guiana in the eastern gallery) expressed delight at the glowing realisation by Sir Augustus Adderley, K.C.M.G., of the tropical possessions of her Majesty in the West! In common with Mr. Edward Stanhope, one returns with fresh pleasure again and again to this captivating court, arranged with exquisite taste under the sole direction of Sir Augustus Adderley, the Royal and Executive Commissioner, aided zealously by Mr. John McCarthy, F.C.S., the Assistant Commissioner of Trinidad, and by Colonel William Lees Honorary Commissioner for the Bahamas and Barbados. The Exhibition rambler is fortunate who gains polite and courteous Mr. McCarthy as guide. We step to the left, and inspect Felix Morin's fine collection of Trinidad photographs, taking particular note of the view of a large cacao or cocoa-tree, ere we pass under the prettily coloured portal flanked by palmettoes and sugar-canes, and find ourselves in the West Indies, which Columbus discovered in 1492, and which Rodney and other gallant British Admirals of old fought bravely for towards the close of the last century.

The products of the beautiful Island of Trinidad are excellently grouped in the first gem of a courtlet to the left. Mr. McCarthy reasonably waxes eloquent over the slabs of pitch from the celebrated natural pitch-lake, from which about 35,000 tons a year are exported, and calls attention



THE BARBADOS SECTION.

to the Dowager Countess of Dundonald's sketch of this remarkable lake. Trinidad being famous for its cocoa, here are to be seen clusters of cocoa-pods and bags of very fine cocoa, with the butter extracted from cocoa, useful for chocolate cream. The productiveness of the island is further exemplified by two hundred and forty-three specimens of native woods (apropos of which Mr. McCarthy's wedge-shaped blocks are manifestly more serviceable than the ordinary slabs), by the display of gypsum for making plaster of Paris, by a stand of good-looking cigars, a fine collection of medicinal plants, meal from plantain, tapioca, bottles of honey and rum, cocoa-nut oil, sugar, coffee, lime-juice, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert and Sons' Angostura bitters and liqueurs, of excellent quality. A review of these exhibits leads gently up to the statistical statement that "the value of the cocoa exported was £421,974 in 1885, as against £684,675 for sugar." There are maps to illustrate the portions of the island cultivated by the industrious inhabitants of Trinidad, which possesses a fine capital in the lively Port of Spain, with a population of 32,000, and which in the past ten years has, according to Mr. C. Alexander Harris, more than doubled its exports of asphalt, bitters, cocoanuts, and rum, increased its exports of cocoa by nearly 50 per cent, and its exports of sugar by 25 per cent. Opposite the Trinidad Court, the Anglo-Continental Guano Works exhibit a most interesting collection of sugar-canes from all parts of the world, enabling the visitor to contrast side by side the different varieties obtained from the West and the East.

The Bahamas richly furnish the next section of the West Indian Court, and

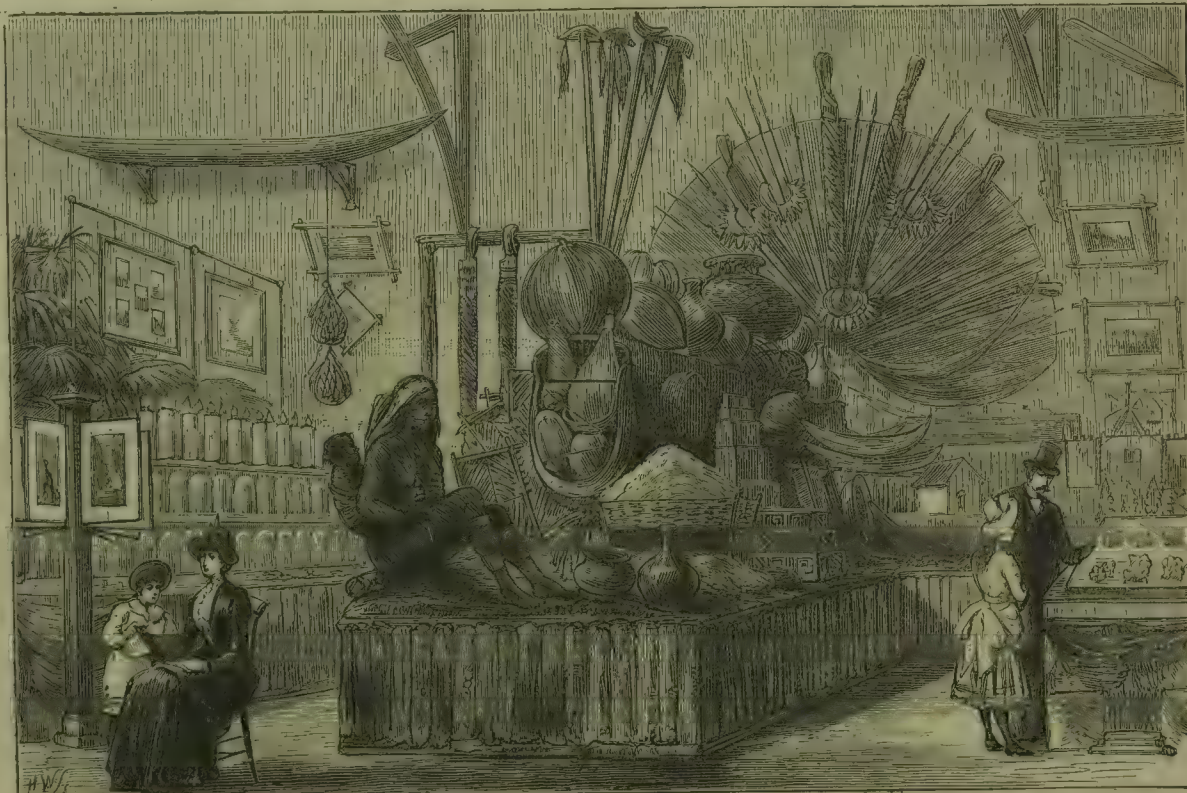


THE ST. VINCENT AND SUGAR-CANES SECTIONS.



THE JAMAICA SECTION.

irresistibly recall the romantic voyage of Columbus, ending in the discovery of land at last. A beautiful drawing by Mrs. Blake, the accomplished wife of the Governor, represents the landing-place of Columbus, who is now thought to have first stepped ashore at Watling's Island, and not Cat Island. What a seductive and balmy place the Bahamas must be to winter in when high authorities to this day enthusiastically indorse the verdict of Columbus himself:—"The loveliness of this island is like unto that of the Campagna de Cordova. The trees are all covered with ever-verdant foliage, and perpetually laden with either flowers or fruit. The plants in the ground are full of blossoms. The breezes are like those of April in Castile. The night-ingales (mocking-birds) sing more sweetly than I can describe. It seems to me that I could never quit so enchanting a spot, as if a thousand tongues would fail to describe it, as if my hands, spellbound, would never be able to write concerning it."

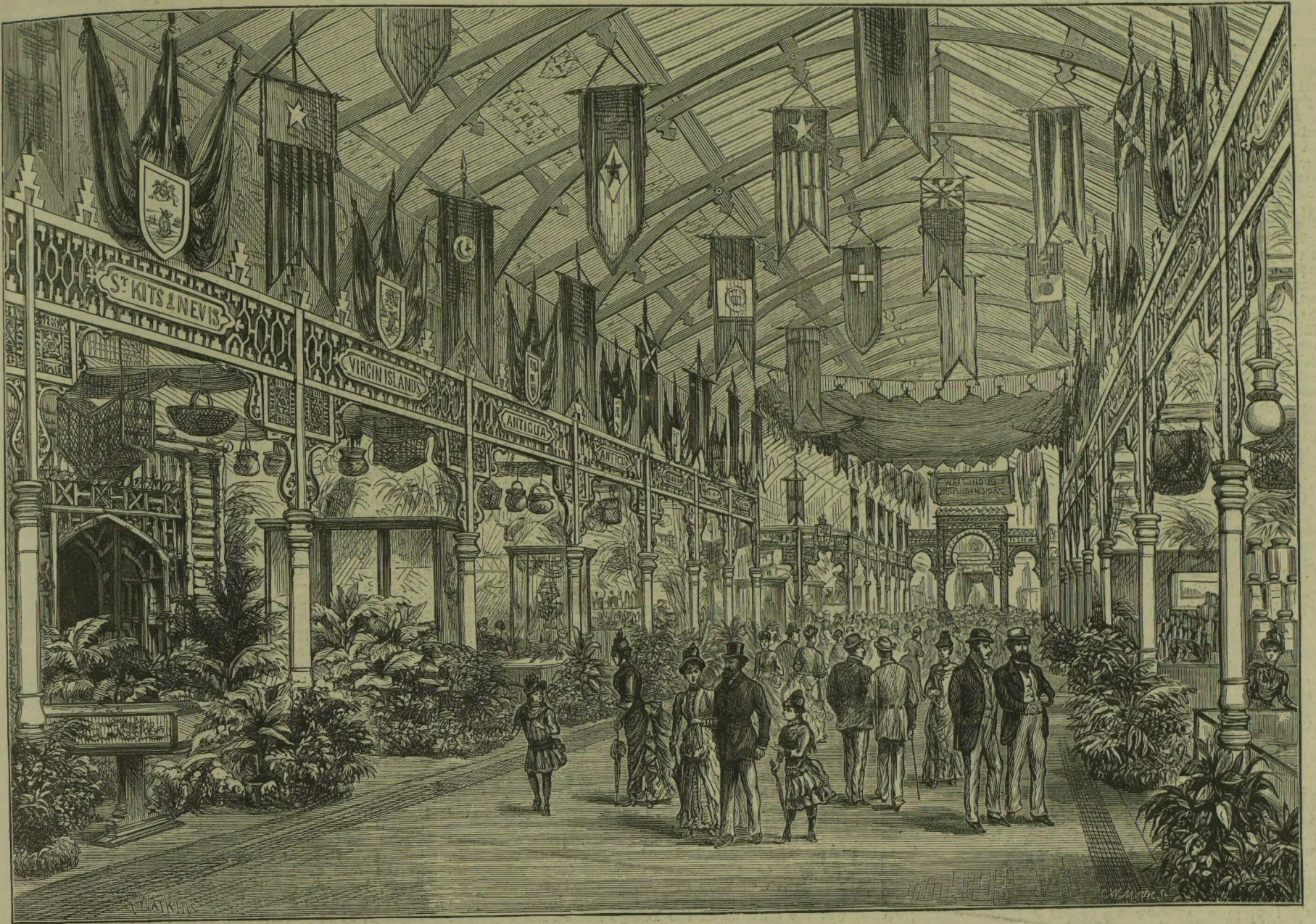


ETHNOLOGICAL STAND, BRITISH GUIANA COURT.

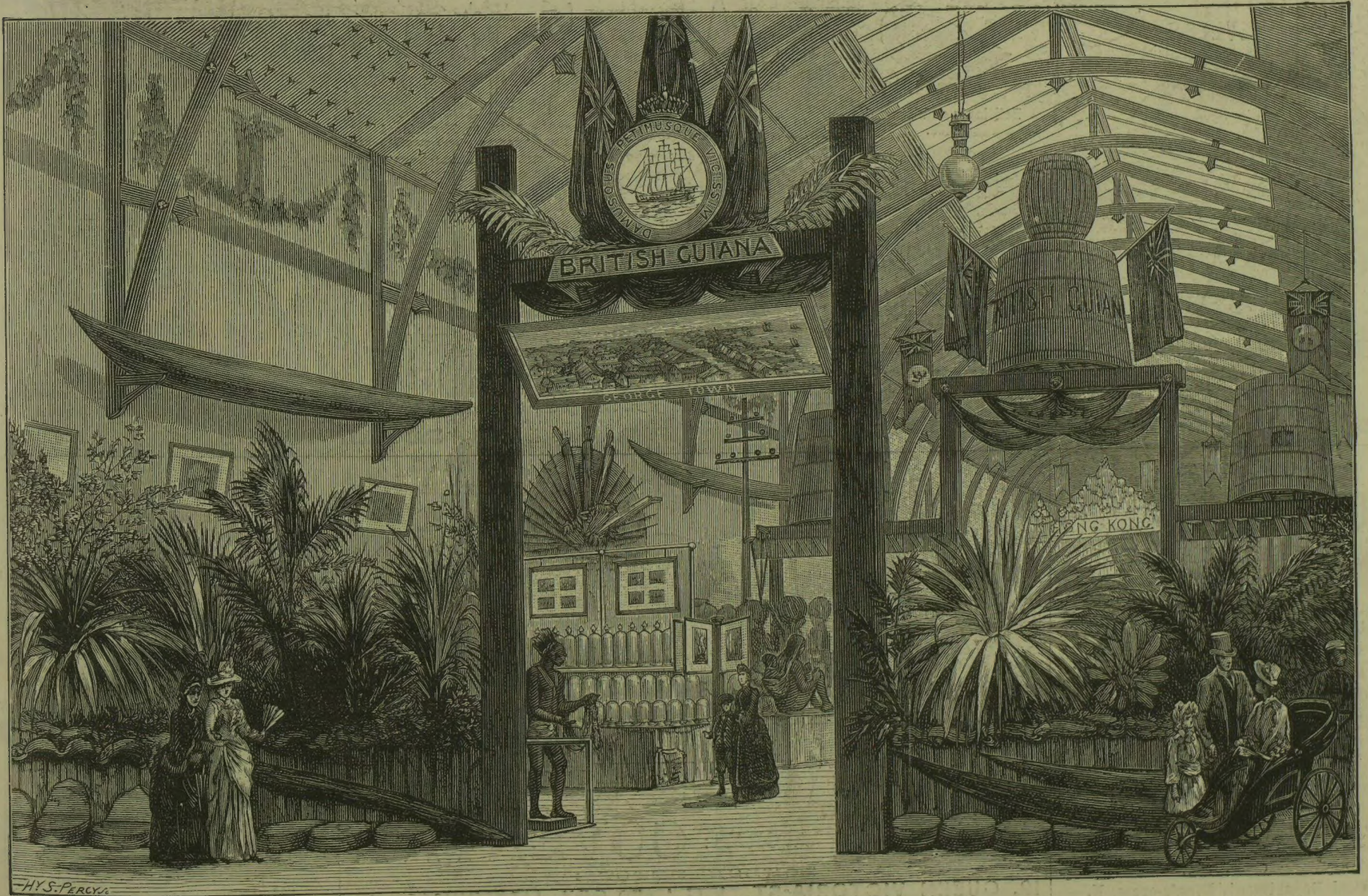
Of the islands stretching from the north of St. Domingo to the eastern coast of Florida, and known as the Bahamas, New Providence is the principal, and Nassau is its capital. The total population of the Bahamas in 1881 was 45,000, of which number about 11,000 were whites, the remainder being descendants of emancipated Africans. The value of the sponge exports in 1885 being estimated at £60,000, splendid sponges naturally first greet the eye in the court of the Bahamas. The fishermen who collect the sponges coast along the banks and reefs where the water is shallow and clear enough to enable them to see the sponges, which are sometimes dived for, and sometimes brought to the surface by hook and line. When on board, the sponges are covered with a soft, gelatinous substance as black as tar and full of organic life, the sponge being only the skeleton of the organism. The Bahamas shells and planted straw of coconut leaves next claim notice. Then one perceives guavas, pine-apples, and



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THE WEST INDIES AND BRITISH HONDURAS COURT.



SOUTH ENTRANCE TO BRITISH GUIANA COURT.



sapodillas (apple-like to the taste), are among the fruits preserved in tins. Of remarkable beauty are the pearl-like shell baskets and brooches, introduced by Sir Augustus Adderley as a new industry, and greatly encouraged by him. The gorgona, or sea-fan, makes an elegant covering for flower-pot or bonnet. Plenty of other articles for ladies to admire here! Notably, the piquante hats made from the "dagger plant" (*Yucca Aloifolia*). More notably still, the exceptionally alluring array of pink pearls of rare value exhibited by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, the Lord-Chesterfield-like exhibitor of which, with loyal pride, refers to her Majesty's admiration of Lady Wallace's costly pink pearl necklace and "Great Pink Pearl" pendant, and cherishes the recollection of the remarkably good memory displayed by the Queen in sending on the morrow to purchase the several gems she had taken mental note of during her examination of this attractive case. To a favoured few, the same obliging gentleman, brimming over with loyalty, shows the valuable black pearl mounted in a diamond brooch, a novelty which has excited the lively curiosity, he devoutly whispers, of the Duchess of Albany and other Princesses. Over on the opposite wall is Bierstadt's brilliant painting of "After a Norther"—a transparent green sea breaking on the Bahamas. In the handsome capital of Nassau, the commanding mansion of the Queen's representative occupies the highest site; and in front of it stands a statue of Columbus, not far distant from which is the excellent Victoria Hotel.

The Picture Gallery adjoins the Bahamas. It includes, besides a number of paintings of King Charles the First and Charles II., introduced with little rhyme or reason, Antonio Moro's portrait of Columbus (portrayed with a slight, fair moustache and beard and a good-size round head), a multiplicity of historic prints referring to Columbus and his voyages, the singular Borgian chart of the world by Diego Ribera, lent by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. from the Museum of the Propaganda, and, most interesting of all to botanists, the beautiful collection of water-colours of the flowers and plants of the Bahamas by Mrs. Henry Blake, which recall Mrs. Frank Sinclair's similarly fine paintings of the flora of the Hawaiian Islands, reproduced in the handsome volume published by Messrs. Sampson, Low and Marston. The hundred and four drawings by Mrs. Blake were copied from nature expressly for the Exhibition. They present to us in the majority of cases the plant, its foliage, fruit, and flowers. Each will be found described in the capital official catalogue of the West Indies and British Honduras, issued under the authority of Sir Augustus Adderley, with whom it was evidently a labour of love to make his court a model one.

Jamaica! Rum greets one first as a matter of course, though the rum is plainly very fine. Here we are on an island flowing with sugar and ginger, if not with milk and honey. The assiduous and untiring Mr. McCarthy expats likewise on the many delectable specimens of preserved fruits, including mango and whole pepper, on the aromatic blue mountain coffee, and, practical chemist as he is, points with zest to the medicinal plants and barks sent by the Botanical Department of Jamaica, of which Mr. D. Morris, of Kew, was the active agent. The charming collection of fern and leaf hats and bonnets amply proves the skill of the fair hands employed by the Ladies' Self-help Society of Jamaica. Of higher practical value are the specimens of divers woods and fibres. To many, of higher importance still will be Sir Augustus Adderley's statement that "It is positive that gold, silver, platinum, cobalt, copper, tin, and lead mines abound all over the island—wealth which may possibly be absolutely inexhaustible, and which certainly is worthy of investigation." Quite so! Here is scope for the energy of the enterprising capitalists of Port Royal, Port Morant, "Old Harbour," and

Port Antonio, or of Kingston and Santiago della Vega. As the Hon. John Bigelow, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, and lately United States Minister to France, said, "This island [population, 580,000] is so richly productive in everything conducive to man's comfort and welfare, vegetable and mineral, that no one can want for good food, and really no one ought to be poor. Indeed, the marvel to me is that everybody is not very rich, for all that is required to revive the wealth of this superbly reproductive island is a little order and energy—above all, energy."

Barbados sweetly welcomes us with a sheaf of sugar-canes and a stand of sugars. The most windward of the Caribbean Islands, Barbados is a little smaller than the Isle of Wight, and is occupied by a teeming population of over 1030 to the square mile. So says the Hon. C. C. Knollys, Colonial Secretary, who also conveys the sugar-coated fact that sugar is so largely cultivated in Barbados that "out of a total acreage of 106,470 acres, an area of 100,000 acres is devoted to canes." The models of a Creole house and a sugar-boiling house on the old principle, and the natural "drip-stone" or limestone filter, and the whole peppers preserved in bottles will be scanned with interest. The handy geographical position of Barbados and its general healthiness, cause it to be the head-quarters of the troops and of the Royal Mail steam-packets and other lines of mail-steamers; the chief port being Bridgetown, with about 21,000 inhabitants, on the shores of Carlisle Bay.

British Honduras, our colony on the east coast of Central America, fills the south-east corner of the court. Renowned for its magnificent timber (delineated in the *Illustrated London News* many years ago), British Honduras presents a goodly array of cedar-doreys or "dug-outs" (for which there has during the Exhibition been a great demand among English canoeists), and some noble slabs of fine-grained wood, all specified in the official catalogue. There is a great export trade of mahogany, logwood, and other serviceable timbers and dye-woods from the principal town and port of Belize. Such being the case, the Belize Estate and Produce Company justly exhibit here nearly a hundred specimens of the unsurpassed timbers of British Honduras, whose Commissioner is Chief Justice William Anthony Sheriff. It should be mentioned that among the specimens of minerals shown by the Government are forty-eight pieces, some of auriferous quartz, others containing slight indications of pyrites, mica, and mica schist, all indicative of metals, but whether in any quantity or not is the question.

Returning to the West Indies, we land in Dominica, and renew our acquaintance with the familiar coffee, cocoa, and lime-juice, with medicinal plants and ornamental seeds. The Island of Montserrat, represented next, has become noted by the refreshing beverage of Montserrat lime-juice, of which stands are exhibited by the Montserrat Company (Limited), and Mr. G. H. Irish. St. Kitts or St. Christopher (so named by Columbus in 1493) and the Island of Nevis are represented by sugar, rum, coffee, &c.; and a great attraction here is MM. Dick Radclyffe and Co.'s facsimile of Robinson Crusoe's Grotto and Cave, from material obtained from the island. What is alleged to be the skull of Robinson Crusoe's goat is shown for the benefit of "the Marines." Dropping into Antigua, one learns that her Majesty did not fail to notice the gay scarlet and black seed baskets and the grebe hats. Pausing to admire the curious gold ornaments and gods in pottery from Central America, lent by Mr. Borlase, M.P., we next come to Grenada, where Colonel Duncan's superb collection of West Indian fruits and roots ever commands attention. It would be but to indulge in reiteration to catalogue the contents of the Tobago and St. Lucia gems of courts.

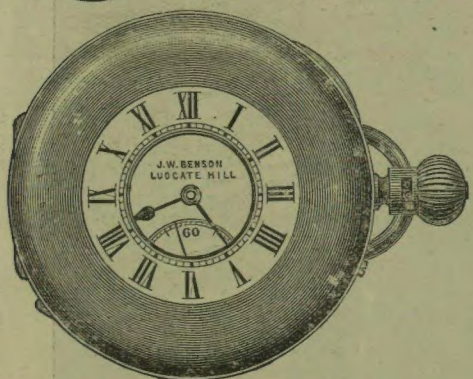
St. Vincent, fruitful of arrowroot, cocoa, and sugar, claims a special paragraph by reason of the disaster that has recently befallen this beautiful island. The hurricane which devastated St. Vincent on the Sixteenth of August destroyed numbers of cane-fields, and about 600 houses and seven churches, and left 2000 people homeless. The City of Kingston, so delightfully situated in a bay that has been compared to the Bay of Naples, has manfully done what it can to succour the sufferers. But the colonists are in sore need of help. Realising this, Sir Augustus Adderley has, with characteristic thoughtfulness, caused collecting boxes to be placed in the West Indian Court, in order that visitors may subscribe to lessen the misery that prevails in St. Vincent. Finally, one cannot leave this fascinating court without warmly thanking Mr. J. McCarthy for his uniform kindness and courtesy as guide, philosopher, and friend.

## ART BOOKS.

What is style? In literature, as in art, it plays an important part, and its absence gives the critic a fine field for displaying his own superiority. Style, however, can only be judged by its characteristics, and as these vary with every generation, a knowledge of their infinite variety is necessary to any who may wish to speak with authority on the literary and artistic productions of his own time. M. Paul Rouaix, in his imposing volume *Les Styles* (Paris: Librairie de l'Art, J. Rouam, éditeur), deals only with art; and, avoiding any didactic remarks about "Les Styles" in the abstract, contents himself by showing, through the medium of upwards of 700 carefully selected drawings and engravings, the various phases through which art—especially decorative art—has passed from the time of the ancient Egyptians to our own days. In all respects the work is interesting; but it is especially valuable now, when art-furnishing occupies such an important place in daily life, and when our great manufacturers are beginning to realise that, unless their workmen obtain art-training, the chances of our being left behind in the race are very great. Germany, humiliated by the results of the Philadelphia Exhibition and the scathing rebuke of its own representative, Professor Reuleaux, set herself to work in real earnest to produce good artistic work. The results of her determination are to be found in every European country, where the complaint goes up that Germany is successfully invading every market; that her fabrics of every kind are appreciated alike by rich and poor, by the "cultured" and the ignorant. M. Rouaix's book gives numerous hints to designers and workmen in every branch of decorative art; and it affords an easy reference to such as would see at a glance the leading characteristics of Oriental and European art at different epochs, and the objects to which special forms of ornamentation are most applicable.

The chief merit of Mr. Daniel Brade's *Picturesque Sketches in Italy* (London: Batsford and Co.) lies in the fidelity with which he reproduces some of the most striking, and, it must be added, the best known monuments of ancient and mediæval Italy. He has a professional love for architectural subjects; and it must be allowed that, in rendering some of the old buildings of Rome and Venice, he has invested them with a suggestion at least of the settings with which Nature and Time have adorned them. In many cases, however, the careful attention to mere masonry or brickwork will, whilst rendering the sketches more valuable to architects and students of architecture, lessen their attractions in the eyes of lovers of the picturesque. We owe Mr. Brade, however, something for having preserved with so much fidelity the tower which once stood in the Campo San Paternia at Venice, not long since swept away to make room for the statue of Mazzini.

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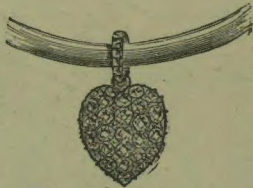
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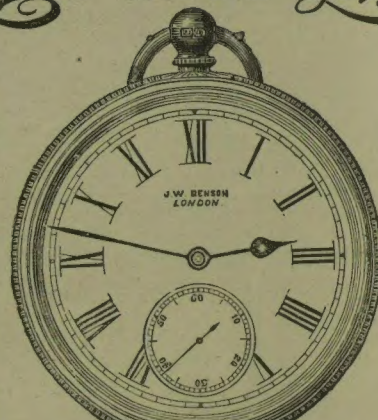
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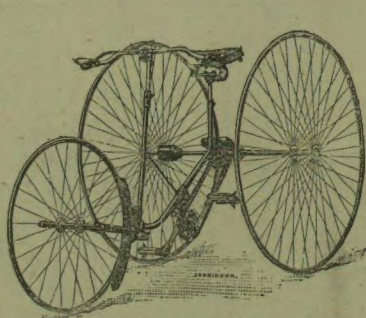
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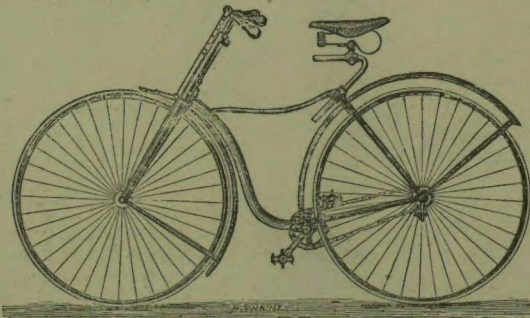
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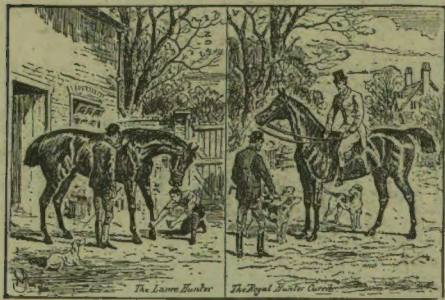




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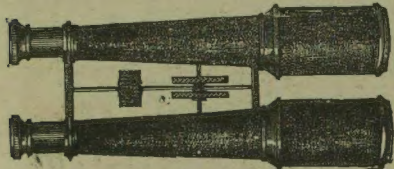
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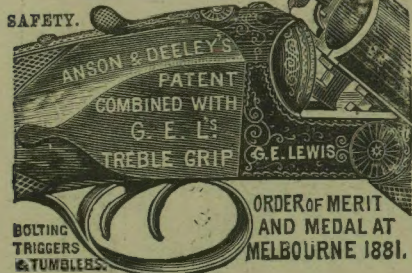
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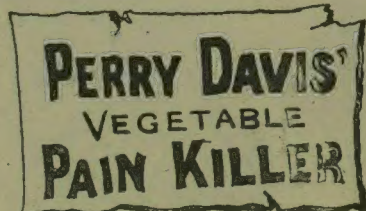
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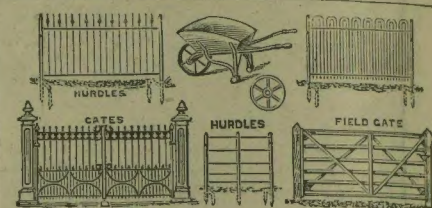
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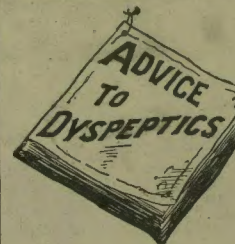
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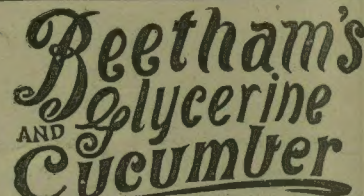
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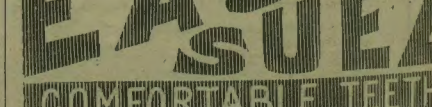
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